THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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After All.

GRIEF is strong, but joy is stronger;
Night is long, but day is longer;
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears
Whisper the sweet answer low—
Answer full of love and blessing—
How the wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing,
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy—after all!

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer;
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days
Stand the angels with bright eyes;
And the shadow of the cross
Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pain and all our loss;
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping—after all.

Sigh, then, soul, but sing in sighing,
To the happier things replying;
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being;
Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling,
And the heavenly guards keep sentry,
Urging, guiding, half compelling,
Till, the puzzling way quite past,
Thou shalt enter in at last.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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What Matters It?

I know not by what means of grace
My Lord will call me home;
Nor yet how long upon this earth,
He'll choose to let me roam.

He may, for my best good see fit
Let pain my body fill;
By accident or sudden death,
My body's life let kill.

Yet, oh, if in that hour *this* thought
My fleeting moments fill,
I'll gladly go, tread any path
To do my Master's will.

Since loss in life is gain in death,
His will fulfilled in me,
What matters then the woes of life,
If His dear face I'll see?

I have no sympathy with those who are always bewailing "the good old times." My dear sir, the good new times, thank God, are a great deal better; and they are going to be a great deal better still.—Mark Guy Pearse.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, August 15, 1901.

Duty Done.

"If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing for today,
Whatever clouds make dark tomorrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way."

Why are there not more men in the churches? is a familiar question. Well, where are the men? In one city of 15,000 population, a count was made of the number that entered six of the saloons one Saturday night, in one hour, and it was 1,560. At six of the largest churches the next morning there were 478 men present. The saloon is the churches' greatest enemy.

God's Word never returns unto him void. American soldiers carried the Bible into Mexico in their knapsacks, and years afterwards the missionaries found people who had found Christ through these stray copies of his Word. It was a fragment of the Bible that started Neesima of Japan on his quest after God, and the outcome of it was the establishing in Japan of that Christian educational institution, the Doshisha, which has done grand things for that people.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, Scotland's great preacher, is reported as saying that he values his Bible class more than he does his pulpit. Dr. Marcus Dods said recently in Chicago that in his ministry in Glasgow he had in his congregation several men who were extremely sceptical, and that it was through his work in the Bible class that they were finally brought into church membership. Less reliance on preaching, more on teaching, seems to be the trend everywhere today.

This is the last month for American Board contributions for the work of the current year. This work should not be allowed to drag. The churches should move forward, and not backward, in mission work. It is the gospel that has made our land what it is today. Nothing but the gospel can uplift the nations of heathendom. "You are wronging unborn children by not putting the light in the faces of their fathers and mothers," said the late Dr. Babcock at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference last year.

A Christian man— so runs the story—became interested in foreign missions and prayed, "Lord, save the heathen!" After a while his prayer was, "Lord, send missionaries to save the heathen!" Progressing yet more, he prayed, "Lord, if you haven't anybody else to send, send me!" With an increased interest his prayer was, "Lord, send me; but if you can't send me, send somebody!" Finally his prayer was, "Lord, send whom thou wilt; but help me to pay my share of the expenses!" This last is the prayer most people need to pray. Foreign missions are more in need of money just now than of men. People need to be brought to a disposition to pay their share of the expenses.

The Pacific is in sympathy with the workingmen everywhere in every lawful effort to get for their labor a fair share of the profits of industry. We should like to see the time when every person in existence in America who had a mind to work would stand in place where he would be free from every encumbrance of poverty, in easy circumstances in life, and free to cultivate the very best manhood. But we cannot conclude that men in trade and manufactures are making the enormous amounts of money that the agitators would have us believe. There are exceptions; a few are piling up great fortunes, but there are thousands and thousands of men in business who are no better off than the men in their employ.

That was a sad ending to which a man by the name of McCabe came in the East a few days ago. He went out with his union on a strike. Then, because loved ones were in danger of starving, he returned to work and was so denounced by the unions that he committed suicide. The unions make a serious mistake when they engage in acts which drive men into such desperation as that. It is each man's right to decide whether he will go into a union, and whether at any time he will stay in or get out. The hundreds of men and women who have hooted at and derided non-union teamsters on the streets of San Francisco lately have not made gain for their cause. It is absolutely impossible for unprejudiced people to look with any allowance on such conduct. The end does not justify the means.

A very inopportune time was chosen by the teamsters of San Francisco for their strike. It has brought great loss to the horticulturists of the State, and it will be extremely difficult under all the circumstances to lead those

interests to believe that the time was not chosen with their needs in view and with the thought that their losses might make it easier for the teamsters to bring the employers to terms. The great farming element has not been brought to believe that strikes are so much for the public good that they should be sacrificed for the accomplishment of the ends desired by the strikers. We mistake greatly the feeling in rural regions if the strikers and their sympathizers are not held accountable for this damage, and the very interests which they hoped to further set back many years.

A great deal of time is spent each week in the preparation of the matter which appears in The Pacific under the heading, "The Religious World." No clippings are used in those columns. The aim is to seize, in our reading, on the important thoughts and occurrences of a religious nature or connection, and in a few words give the gist of them so as to keep our readers informed along these lines. Often a news statement will be accompanied by some comment which gives the item as much of an editorial stamp and quality as many of the paragraphs which appear on the editorial pages of both secular and religious journals. Nevertheless, we do not so denominate those paragraphs in general. Their value was recognized and emphasized recently by an ably-edited religious weekly, which has a circulation of nearly twenty-five thousand, publishing an entire page of those notes exactly as they appeared in The Pacific.

Hearing Well.

Formerly, it was the custom in some parts of England for church-going people to say to the preacher when a sermon was pleasing to them, "I *heard* you well this morning." They did not say, "You preached well this morning," but I *heard* you well." Perhaps the one expression means about the same as the other; the one being by indirection, the other by direction But there is suggested in the first the idea of something more than mere passivity on the part of the hearer, a consciousness of a need on his part to put himself in a proper condition for hearing; a recognition of the fact that the success of the sermon depends as much, if not more, on him as a hearer as on the speaker as a preacher If so many people nowadays did not go to church with the mind filled with the big and stuffy Sunday newspaper, it would be possible for more to say to the preacher, "I *heard* you well this morning." There is nothing else that will so unfit one for hearing the gospel as an hour or two spent over that mammoth conglomeration on Sunday morning. Ten minutes spent in glancing over the really important news is not so bad; but to gulp the whole sheet down, wild and weird stories, advertisements and all, as some people do, is a very poor appetizer for the sermon that the preacher serves a little later. And then, when sermonic dyspepsia is induced the minister and the sermon have to bear the blame that really belongs to the great rough mass that was taken as mental pabulum just before it. This is not a denunciation of the Sunday paper as such. We have known the Saturday paper to produce the same results. Some years ago, in a town on a railroad in Indiana on which no Sunday trains were run, the Chicago papers of Saturday morning were received on Saturday evening. Scores of men who read but one daily other days of the week would buy two or three or four that night—The Inter Ocean, The Times, The Tribune and The Herald—and hours on Sunday would be spent on such reading. It was at a time when the Saturday papers were just such mammoth sheets as the Sunday papers now are. Such a Sunday-reading habit was not conducive to well-filled pews. And suppose that one so addicted did go to church, what chance was there for the lodgment in his mind of any gospel truth?

The Spurgeons.

The mention in our English exchanges of the living yet in England, at the advanced age of ninety-two, of the father of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon is suggestive of the remarkable career of the Spurgeon family in the ministry. Charles H. Spurgeon, the most distinguished of all, had both a father and a grandfather in the ministry when be began his distinguished career, and his successor in the Tabernacle, his son Thomas, can trace his ministerial pedigree back through a father, a grandfather and a great-grandfather. Charles H. Spurgeon tells, in his autobiography, of an incident in the life of his father, which shows how both father and mother had the welfare of their children always at heart. Often the father was away from home preaching, and at one time as he was on his way to hold an away-from-home service, he began to fear that he was neglecting his family while caring for the souls of others. So profound was this feeling that he turned around and went home. When he entered the house, he heard from the bed-room sounds as of some one engaged in prayer. Listening, he discovered that it was Mrs. Spurgeon pleading most earnestly for the salvation of her children, and especially for Charles, who was a little too self-willed. That prayer convinced him that he "might safely go about his Master's business while his dear wife was caring so well for the spiritual interests of the boys and girls at home, and so he did not disturb her, but proceeded at once to fulfill his preaching engagement." Spurgeon's people were Congregationalists, but he became a Baptist. Some time after that event, his mother said to him one day: "Ah, Charles! I often prayed the Lord to make you a Chtistian, but I never asked that you might become a Baptist." And the ready, apt answer was: "Ah, mother! The Lord has answered your prayer with his usual bounty, and given you exceeding abundantly above what you asked or thought." That both of the sons of the great London preacher should have entered the ministry is not surprising when ancestry and home influences are considered. Those sons bear witness that never did any son have a kinder, wiser, happier or holier sire. It must have been one of the greatest joys of his life when Spurgeon, some years ago, had the privilege of preaching the sermon on the occasion of the ordination of his son

Charles. That son said a few years ago that one striking injunction in that discourse stood out vividly in his memory and had been a constant inspiration to him. Leaning over the pulpit rail, and looking down on the young man as he sat on the platform below, he said, in tender, thrilling tones: "Preach up Christ, my boy! Preach him up!" It must be with great satisfaction and with gratitude to God that the aged John Spurgeon looks back over his life and over also the lives of his son and grandsons. He never gained wealth. But whoever made a greater success of life than this gospel preacher, who not only preached the gospel himself, but was the instrument in God's hands of placing in that work one of the most illustrious of modern preachers and his two consecrated sons! "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

The Disclosure of Sin.

Considerable disgust has been expressed for that remarkable criminal, Jack Winters, in that he failed to hide his tracks after the committal of one of the most daring and well-worked burglaries on record. Nevertheless, there is in general thankfulness that the bullion was recovered. This failure affords another evidence that there is in most criminals a weak spot somewhere that makes it difficult for them to escape detection. A man's sin is pretty sure to find him out. The fact that Winters claimed to have $4,300 of his own concealed not far from his cabin, which in the outcome proved to be a part of the stolen gold, shows his inability to keep a secret. It is said that detectives reckon confidently on the disposition of criminals to share with others by hint, or by confession in part, the secret of their crimes. It is not likely, however, that Winters was seeking any easement, his secret not having become burdensome as some do. With him there was simply that fatal weakness, at certain points, which made it impossible for him to consummate his plan wisely. But it substantiates, nevertheless, the saying that a man's sin is sure to find him out. All things work toward the disclosure of sin. In many instances souls have been so burdened by their terrible secrets that escape from hint or open confession has been impossible. They had to throw off their weight or die. Such being the tendency here on earth, it is reasonable to believe that God will not suffer any sin to remain hidden. All the laws of the universe are committed to the uncovering of sin and to its punishment. Back there among the Israelites was Achan, who thought that he could take from the spoils of fallen Jericho a goodly Babylonish garment and shekels of silver and a wedge of gold, and hide them in the earth. But Achan's sin found him out, and death was the penalty by him paid. There also was Gehazi, who coveted some of the reward tendered by Naaman for the cure of his leprosy. He got the talents of silver and the changes of garments, but his sin found him out and he went forth from the presence of his master, the prophet, a leper forever. The writer of Ecclesiastes says: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." And Christ's words were: "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known."

"Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not a thought or deed may perish,
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

"The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies;
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise.

"And nature still unfolds the tissue,
Of unseen works by spirit wrought;
And not a work but hath its issue
With blessing or with evil fraught.

"And thou mayst seem to leave behind thee
All memory of sinful past;
Yet, O, be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruit at last."

Notes.

The Pacific has pleasure this week in giving to its readers a sermon by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker, preached recently in his pulpit, that of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland.

The Fleming H. Revell Company of Chicago has published during recent years a large amount of valuable missionary literature. A catalogue of sixty-six pages just issued takes one all around the world in a missionary survey as its pages are turned. It is a convenient little book to have, for it acquaints one with the best in missionary literature. Doubtless, a postal-card request to the publishing company at 63 Washington street, Chicago, would bring it to any address. Let none send for the catalogue who do not wish to be tempted to buy some of their good missionary literature. Missionary societies and Sunday-schools will be placed by it on the track of just such reading matter as should be found in their libraries.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell declined last week for the second time a call to the Superintendency of the Anti-Saloon League work in Central and Northern California, and will remain with the church at Santa Cruz. The church is to be congratulated on this decision. But it will be difficult for the League to secure so serviceable a person for its work as the one so strongly urged by the executive committee to undertake it. Mr. Knodell's experience in that work, his success as Assistant Superintendent for nearly a year and a half, and his long time devotion to the cause of temperance, made him the one to whom all minds turned when a successor was needed to Dr. Chapman, whose field, by the necessities of the case, had been limited to Southern California.

Readers of The Pacific have read frequently of the good work done in Pomona College, and always such reports have been gratifying to all the friends of Christian education. Especially gratifying will be the following words from President Hadley of Yale, written on the 8th of July to Prof. Sumner at Claremont: "I have been for a number of years familiar with the kind of work which Pomona College is doing and regard it as exceptionally good. The graduate students who have come to us from this college have been well prepared intellectually and have also been men of strong character. I find from inquiry among the leading educators of California that their views of the value of the work which Pomona is doing fully agree with my own. I believe

that among colleges of its size there is not one in twenty where the standard is so high." In this connection it is worthy of note that the financial condition of Pomona College was never better than it is today. And it is all the time drawing to itself friends. It will go on doing good work, and after a while the friends of Christian education on this Coast will see to it that it is munificently endowed. Merit in this instance will have its reward.

The Religious World.

Trinity Presbyterian church, San Francisco, has secured pledges for more than $12,000 toward the liquidation of its debt of $15,000.

It is said that the personal effort campaign on the part of the Methodist Episcopal church has resulted in the adding to the church of one-third of a million converts during the last year.

The Congregational church work at Valdez, Alaska, began in a tent on the beach. Next came Endeavor Hall, a log building 14x20, and by this date a substantial church building is in all probability completed.

Going back to his work in the New Hebrides at the age of seventy-eight, the Rev. Dr. John D. Paton is likely to lay his body down in the land of the benighted people to whom he has devoted himself. But heaven is no farther from the New Hebrides than it is from the British isles.

Professor Briggs of Union Theological Seminary worshipped not long ago in St. Peter's at Rome, and then a little later in a great cathedral of the Established Church of England; and then in a Scottish Presbyterian church, and he says that in each church he found the worship whole-hearted and sincere.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, writes from the interior of Shantung province, China, that great crowds stare at him and his companions as they pass along, but that no hostility is shown and that the officials show them all possible respect.

When President Kruger heard of the death of his wife he wept bitterly at first, but asking soon to be left alone, he turned to his Bible and to prayer, and a dispatch sent a little later said: "He is now sleeping quietly, his Bible by his side." Where is there to be found a book that can displace the Bible in the hour of such experience as that?

President Patton of Princeton said recently that there is great danger that men will give up the Bible in order to fall back on Christ, and then give up Christ to fall back on ethics, and then give up obligatory ethics, and that, with the decadence of the idea of sin, it will turn out that good form is a more cogent argument with people than the law of God.

The story of John Bunyan in Bedford jail, as it was told recently by a missionary in Japan, brought into the Christian life the wife of a prison warden. The woman said that she had never heard anything that affected her so deeply, and she said to her husband that she must join herself to the Christians without delay. So Bunyan, though dead, yet speaketh.

A Christian Alliance worker, who held meetings in Tacoma recently, writes in a paper representative of the Alliance concerning Chaplain Stubbs of the Seamen's Bethel as follows: "This dear brother is so courteous, so true to the standard, and so forcible and graceful in utterance that not Tacoma, but the coming kingdom alone will give him just appreciation and reward."

Very novel is the experiment being tried by an African M. E. church in New Jersey. It is that of a free lunch at the close of the morning service to induce a larger attendance. But, why call it an experiment? Such a plan needs no test to assure its success. It is said that the first trial was a success despite the unfavorable weather. And given a certain class of people from which to draw, the plan will be a success whenever tried. There are lots of people who like to get something for nothing, or who like to believe that they are.

This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of oragnized work on the part of the Protestant Episcopal church in Oregon. The history of the Oregon diocese dates from 1851, though services were held at Champoeg and Oregon City at earlier dates. Trinity church, Portland, the first Episcopal church, organized in Oregon, dates from May 18, 1851. The following Sunday St. Paul's, in Oregon City, was organized. The first church building was erected at Milwaukie. The stone building erected by St. David's church will add one more to Portland's fine church edifices.

The Rev. James B. Rodgers, Presbyterian missionary in Manila, says in the Missionary Review that there was talk in the papers about two years ago of the Hawaiian church sending missionaries to the Mindanao tribes, but that nothing has been heard of it since. We believe the idea was for the Hawaiian churches to cooperate with the American Board, and such work would, in all probability, have been inaugurated if funds had allowed. Mr. Rodgers says further: "Professor Haines, formerly of Berkeley, and later on Gen. Wheaton's staff, left here about six months ago for Mindanao, to found an agricultural establishment. His idea was to reach the Moros by justice and kindness, and thus disarm their suspicion of Christians before teaching them religious truth. The Word should be preached by the life before the tongue utters doctrines."

Thirty years ago the Catholic Total Abstinence Union was organized in Washington. Last week it held a convention at Hartford, Conn., in which it was stated by Archbishop Ireland that in years past the criticism had been justly made that the proportion of drinkers was greater among Catholics than among people of other religions, but that such a statement would be untrue today. It does not seem to us that this would be untrue as to Catholics and Protestants in America. But there has been a great improvement among Catholics in this respect during recent years. In Wilkesbarre, Penn., a few months ago, one priest carried over to total abstinence his entire church of 1,000 members. The Total Abstinence Union now numbers 85,441 members, the increase for the last year being 4,190. The branch unions number 970, an increase of 93 for the year.

The statistics furnished last month by Dr. W. H. Roberts, the stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, show that the Presbyterian church in the United States has increased since 1870 from 446,561 communicants to 1,025,388. During that period the total contributions have arisen from $8,440,121 to $16,338,376. For the year ending July 23, 1901, the contributions exceeded those of the previous year by about one million three hundred thousand dollars. For the year ending in July the contributions for foreign missions were $907,739; for home missions, $1,252,159. Of the total contributions for that year $12,152,088 were for congregational expenses. The net increase in member ship was 17,-

699 for the last year. In 1900 it was 23,782, and in 1899, 8,030. It is worthy of note that the sum given to the small colleges last year was nearly double what it was in 1895.

The annual report of the Congregational Education Society, which was made last week, mentions as the largest Mormon Sunday-school in Utah the one at Lehi, numbering 1,200 pupils. Distinctively Mormon theology is taught there. It is said that in Heber, Utah, the Misses Jessamine and Ethel Shepherd are conducting a school with about fifty pupils, all of whom are from Mormon families. "The town is absolutely Mormon, and yet the school is held in favor. The public schools, under Mormon control, are good and their teachers are friendly. The school reaches about twenty-five families. Lessons in home-making are given in the lower grades." Proctor Academy at Provost City reports an enrollment of 296, an increase of one hundred during the last three years, "Of the twenty-four students in the academic department, all but two are Christians, and of the forty-six accessions to the membership of the Congregational church during the last year (new members having been received at every communion service), nineteen were from the school and three others were in the school last year. The Sunday-school has grown steadily, having had an average attendance during the past year of 108." A Mormon academy, in which Mormon theology is taught in every department from the kindergarten up, parallels this institution. It has great advantages in library facilities and apparatus. A new building costing $20,000, to be paid for out of the tithing fund, is under construction.

The annual report of the Congregational Education Society states that the need of Christian mission schools in New Mexico appears in the following facts: "In the poverty, prejudice and backward condition of the people, a strange sight in modern American life; in the poor quality of such schools as they have; in the hopelessness of uplifting homes and of establishing churches, save through the children and their schools; in the evils which must come to society and to government, unless the people are trained in the principles of a true Christian Americanism. The places where the Education Society has schools are six. In these towns the teachers live among the people, teach the children the English language, the Bible, the simple lessons with which all education begins; they teach the boys to work, the girls to sew, the parents to make home; and all of them to sing 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' of the nation; and 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' of the Lord Jesus Christ. A Sunday-school class of boys in the Second Congregational church, Concord, N. H., gave to the Cabezon, N. M., school a large flag; and the Saturday after it arrived ten large schoolboys put up the staff. It was a marked event to see the national colors floating over these un-American people, and to hear the cheers of the boys as national feelings stirred their breasts."

Rev. G. Milton Gardner and family, missionaries of the American Board, departed from San Francisco last Saturday for Foochow. The unsettled state of affairs in China has detained them in California since last autumn, it having been thought inadvisable that missionaries with small children should return earlier.

Mrs. J. P. Davis, one of our early missionaries to Japan, reached San Francisco Thursday of last week and went on East the next day.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Stand by the Southern Pacific.

Mayflower church voted unanimously to stand by the efforts of the Southern Pacific Company to put bars off their boats on San Francisco bay. Although fair and respectful opportunity was given for the expression of the opposite opinion by vote, there was no response. The vote for exclusion was unanimous.

We all agree that captains, pilots, and engineers ought to be sober men. Why should temptation be put before clerks, cashiers, teamsters? Why should mothers, wives, even horses, suffer because men inflame themselves by wine? If it be necessary that spirits be kept in case some attempted suicide is saved from death by drowning, the captain may be trusted to keep a bottle for medicine, as he may have a revolver for an emergency. If the report be true that the whisky ring pledge the loss of a million dollars' business to the S. P. Co., because of this righteous and safe business regulation, and that all the whisky influence be turned to the Santa Fe, may God pity the Santa Fe! We learn the boss spirit of the Whisky Ring, and touch their bitter, cowardly and cruel "rule or ruin" policy.

For one, I "strike" against it. If the Santa Fe accepts this price of blood I will never take a journey on that road which I can possibly avoid by taking any other route. Thousands and ten thousands of men ought to adopt this policy; speak it, write it, act it, vote it. No road can afford to be a rum road. That day is past.

Brethren, let us not leave this matter to a few churches and the W. C. T. U. Let every pastor take the vote in his church and register it in the S. P. office, where they welcome the voice of the patriotic and the pure, who think with them that men's brains, in this time of strife and competition, ought to be kept free from the delusion of strong drink.

A Stimulating Book.

President William De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, has written a suggestive book on "God's Education of Man." Houghton, Mifflin & Company of Boston and New York have printed it at the Riverside Press, Cambridge. This is enough for the mechanical execution of the book. It is a breezy, independent, original, daring, dashing book. Pres. Hyde has an audacious way of saying things. If I were a theological student I do not feel sure I should make for his lecture room. But every page has a sentence or two I mark with warm personal approval and wish I could say or write the matter as well. It is not hard reading for clergymen, and I do not see why it should be for laymen. It is a wholesome book for a layman to buy and give to his pastor. I should be glad if this sincere and hearty notice should brighten the tables of some of my lay brethren and put a stimulating book on some pastors' shelves. It's a good book to boost a parson out of a rut.

Rum Roads.

There was a gentleman at Mayflower church yesterday who testified to seeing genuine need for the reform the better class of railroad men are seeking. I have only seen quiet and good order on the well-regulated boats of this prosperous and improving company. He testified to having seen large gangs of men, having received their week's wages at Oakland, begin their wasteful debauch on the Saturday trip to San Francisco. Had they reached the ferry building sober they might have scattered to their homes, and wives and children had some share of their earnings. But led by some thirsty

weakling, or some paid decoy of the Ring, they began carousals which could wind up only with poverty and despair. Gentlemen of the whisky ring, remember the slave oligarchy which conspired against the U. S. Government and found themselves fighting against God! Remember what his Book says: "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips, that maketh him drunken also." "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Gentlemen stockholders, wealthy and honorable names in New York, do not hinder, but aid, our battle for a higher type of civilization on this coast. "Godliness is profitable in all things." When the brewers of St. Louis conspired to boycott the Chicago and Alton Railroad for their order to forbid their employes patronizing saloons, a brave director corroborated the wise business action by convincing his fellows that one bad smash-up, led by a fuddled engineer, would cost them more than all the profits of carrying beer barrels for a year. Note that the railroad company does not molest your breweries, your vineyards, or your social home customs, but chooses to devote to better lunch-rooms, or more commodious parlors for its lady patrons, the room now occupied by menacing saloons. The great California corporation is looking up in the good opinion of a great commonwealth. It can leave to its rivals with great safety the titles of Rum Roads.

A Midsummer Sunday in Los Angeles.

By W. N. Burr.

The Los Angeles people called the first Sunday of August this year "a hot day." Perhaps it was; but pilgrims from the interior counties rated its degree of heat as "nothing to speak of." The sun was more or less shut in by clouds, and the salt breath of the sea tempered the air with its benign influences.

At the morning service the auditorium of the First church was well filled. It would be a mistake to close this church in summer, even for one week, so long as such an audience can be gathered; and a fold with two shepherds does not need to be closed during the pastoral resting-time, for one can stay by the stuff while the other renews his strength abroad.

The junior pastor was in the pulpit that day. No one would imagine him to be the son of his father until he begins to speak. Then certain modulations of the voice, and little peculiarities of expression, will occasionally betray his lineage. It is an indication to the outsider of pleasant relations between pastor and people, when a church is willing to take a chip from the old block for its junior pastor. Perhaps not every church in the land would be pleased with even that degree of apostolic succession.

Rev. William Horace Day's sermon that morning was on "The Culture of Prayer," suggested by the Master's words, "After this manner, therefore, pray ye." He noted the Great Teacher's habit of flashing truth against a background of popular error. Pray *not* after the manner of the hypocrite who, in the synagogue or at the corners of the streets, assumes the prayer attitude and utters prayer-words that he may be seen and heard of men; but enter into the secret place—and that can be found in the midst of the assembly in the synagogue, or even on the street-corner—and pray to the Father who seeth in secret. Use *not* vain repetitions, as the heathen do—an oft-repeated form, as in the case of the prophets of Baal, and of the craftsmen of Demetrius the silversmith, who cried: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but open the heart Godward, and let the heart's petitions come forth in simple, childlike trustfulness. Come out from all bondage to prayer-form by cultivating the spirit of prayer. Jesus gave a form of prayer, but he did not say, "Pray these words," but, "After this *manner* pray ye." It must be noted, however, that the Master in his teaching never clung to one side so tenaciously as to despise the other; he recognized the worth of both form and spirit. Jesus would not condemn the prayer-book, if it were used and not abused.

The culture of prayer must be continuous and habitual to be effective. It is well to think of what you will say before you pray; this does not necessarily rob prayer of its spontaneity. He who would cultivate the prayer-spirit must pray in the right spirit; the skirts must be cleared of malice, hatred, uncharity. Jesus urged persistent prayer.

The culture of prayer is in our keeping. The door into the prayer-life is open, but it must be entered if we would enjoy the blessings of prayer-culture.

In the afternoon, at the Y. M. C. A. men's meeting, we heard Mr. R. D. Nichols, General Secretary of the Association at the Presidio, who was in the Southland on a brief vacation, tell of the work of the Association among our soldier boys. Evidently this genial, consecrated Secretary knows the men among whom he works —the raw recruit, the regular soldier, and the volunteer, and how to win them through the soldier's Y. M. C. A. It is no mean record to find, at the close of one year's work, that some four hundred men who have entered the army of the nation have been won for the army of our Lord. We feel that we know better how to pray for the army boys since we have heard of what is being done for them at the Presidio.

At six o'clock we were again at the First church, at the "twilight communion." Again the auditorium was was well filled with communicants. Both the senior and junior pastors were present. Twenty-one new members were received, five on confession and sixteen by letter. The junior pastor read the Scripture lesson, the senior pastor offered the prayer. The juior pastor administered the rite of baptism, the senior pastor gave the right hand of fellowship. It was a tender, uplifting service, and one felt drawn into close company with the crucified and risen Savior, and into the circle of fellowship with fellow-believers.

As no evening service is held at the First church after these twilight communion services, we hurried to the Immanuel Presbyterian church, where Rev. Robert Burdette is preaching during a portion of the pastor's vacation. A congregation of perhaps fifteen hundred people gathered to hear the world-renowned man, but one who did not know would not have suspected that the man in the pulpit was Bob Burdette, the humorist. He preached a simple sermon on "The Secret of Real Strength," taking for a text Delilah's words to Samson: "Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth." The message he brought to the people has been as well delivered a thousand times by men of no reputation; but it was an encouragement to see a man who has the power of influence with other men standing before them and crying: "Men, you know that God *does* give to his people peculiar strength. No man ever yet in his own strength was able to meet the stress and strain of life, and keep from falling. We must have this secret strength, or we are sure to go down."

Corona, California.

If you cannot do what you like to do, try to like what you have to do.—Selected.

The Unseen God.

[A sermon by Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., pastor of First Presbyterian church of Oakland. Text, "He endured as seeing him who is invisible," Hebrews xi: 27.]

It is a characteristic of Christianity that it proclaims an invisible God. This differentiates it from heathenism, which has gods many and gods visible. It would seem to be a disadvantage to Christianity that it has put this emphasis upon spiritual faith and perception rather than upon sight and presence. I say, it would seem to be a disadvantage not to have a local deity to whom one could resort, with whom one could talk, from whom one could get counsel in word, in commandment. We read in the classic literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans going to the oracles and offering sacrifice and waiting for the oracle to speak. And there were those present in the service of the god or goddess who were able to divine from the appearance of the victim offered, from the color or form or condition, or in some way mysterious and unknown, the significance of the offering, could determine the will and the wish of the deity, and there was some satisfaction, without doubt, after having made such a pilgrimage and presented such an offering, in going away with the persuasion that god had spoken. You yourselves know the difficulty of coming and bowing before an altar that has no present being. You know some of the difficulty of believing that what you think upon your knees is more than your own thought. You have been perplexed, I am sure, with the problem as to whether the God you speak to hears you; whether he, having heard, makes any response, and you come away sometimes from such offering of self with some cry of the soul, with some doubt and confusion. But really, it is a great advantage that we do not have a visible god. Suppose, now, the God who is revealed to us in the Scriptures should be visibly present in all the brightness of his glory, in all the effulgence of the beauty of his holiness, in all the splendor of his omnipotence; suppose so dazzling a creature, suppose so dazzling a conception—we can hardly call God a creature—suppose so high and holy a person should be visibly present, would we have any opportunity for choice; would there be any volition in our obedience; would there be any ethical element in what we did; would we not be coerced and constrained into doing the thing that this visible, great, glorious being has proclaimed he wants done? Are we not bound to say, to make the discussion brief this morning, that the present arrangement of seeing God by faith is the best arrangement that could possibly be made? I know the argument is begging the question in a way, and yet the reasonableness of faith, the reasonableness of a life of obedience to one whom we see not, and yet whom we love and whose service brings us joy unspeakable—it is not an arbitrary arrangement; it is an ideal arrangement of infinite wisdom; for we may lose sight of the invisible God if we want to; we may turn away from the voice that is inner and of the heart if we are deaf; we may turn away from God, and if he were visibly present, if he were seated upon a throne, if he had armies and powers with which he could enforce his commandments, it would be just as it is over in Russia, or as it is over in Japan, or as it is over in Germanw; it would be simply the obedience of involuntary subjects to an autocrat seated upon some high, holy throne, the holiness of which would not destroy its autocracy. As it is, you and I come and believe; you and I come and see; you and I are sustained by a faith that will not question finally, even though it questions at times, and we have the moral worth of following and serving God, who speaks to us through principle, who reveals himself through Jesus Christ, who inculcates the truth through his truth, who magnifies his presence through his world, who proclaims his wisdom in all history, and who brings us to understand his omnipotence in the way in which he keeps the spheres in their places and makes the very earth to respond to his lightest wish and will. No, believe me, the invisible God is the only relationship that you and I may have where life is voluntary and free, and where will has moral choices that must be made. We would be mere automatons at the best if we were in the presence of a God whose omnipotence and glory would compel us to do his will whether we wanted to or not. But is it true that God is invisible? Is it true that the invisible is unreal? Are we not coming more and more to believe in the reality of the unseen? In the modern development of science, in the enunciation of scientific laws, in the proclamation of the higher truths of nature, in all that goes for systematic knowledge, are we not coming to understand that that which is unseen may nevertheless be the most real and the most certain? Who has ever seen the wind, and yet, who is it that is so blind to the power of the wind as to ignore it in all that makes for life? Even this government, utilitarian as it is to the core, and commercial to the core, takes the pains to print, day after day, the chart that tells us of the air currents, warning men who are engaged in shipping enterprise not to send out their ships on such a day, not to lift the anchor, not to leave the harbor. Why is it now that we have come to understand the reality of the invisible in the commercial life, in the shipping life? Who is there that will question the validity of the law that makes for gravitation? Who is it that will say that that which holds the earth in its place in the system of the sun and the sky—who will say that that is not real, even though it is invisible and unseen? And when you and I see cars going through our streets; when we receive these messages that have come to us from one end of the continent to the other; when we receive these communications from far-distant cities, we know that there is a power called electricity that no man has ever seen, and yet, on whose very reality we stake thousands upon millions of dollars in investment, in enterprise, in manufacture, in communication, in all that makes for our modern civilization. It is not an incredible thing, therefore, my friends, to have religion based upon faith in an unseen God, when commerce and civilization and all that makes for life is dealing more and more in the unseen realities that make for our comfort and for our development.

And then, again, we have ways of seeing God that we have not put in the scale and measured. We have come, I think, in the last twenty-five years to understand that the stupendous, the splendid guess of evolution, has not dethroned God, but has enthroned him more than ever. The element of time does not take away the omnipotence of God. The old idea of creation that said that it was instantaneous like the snap of the finger seemed to make it more wonderful; but did it? The geologist tells us now that the world was building thousands and millions of years, and you look down your faces sadly to think that God could take so long to build a world. As a friend said to me the other day, what difference does it make whether it took him a lifetime, just so the painting was finished? Does it argue that there was no artist when you find out that he didn't make it at a sitting, in an hour, but that he took all his life to drawing it and coloring it and finishing it and making it perfect? Does the element of time take away the fact of God creating

the world? Not a bit. And this splendid guess called evolution has said that God not only made the world, but that he is making it, that he is sustaining it, that he is in the world, and we have come, I think, to understand the inevitable beauty of nature to be the flowering out of the divine life. It is something more than a mere accident, a coming together of clay and air and water and sunlight, that has made the beauty of the flower; it was the beauty of God coming out into the beauty of creation, and that is being perpetually repeated and renewed every season, every day, every hour; so that we look at the world about us and we see the artist hand, we see the artist work, we see the artist touch, we see the finish of the Divine Artist, as well as the wonderful mechanism and power of the Divine Architect, building, perfecting, making complete and sustaining things that he has created and started. And shall we say that God is in the flower, and that he is in the mine, that he is in the mountain, and that he is not in man; and surely, it seems to me that if we look within ourselves, if we look out upon the great sea of humanity, we cannot help but say: Here, this wonderful creature called man, that plants the earth with civilization, that plants the earth with his constructive energy, like unto the Creator's own power, this great giant called man, that is building a civilization and a culture and a Christianity that is of the highest and the holiest type—this creature certainly reflects the Creator, and we may see God in humanity. Some one has said that his desire to come near God has been fulfilled to the satisfaction of his own heart best; when he left the cloister, the place of prayer, the cathedral, the place of worship, and went out into the forest of humanity, then and there he found himself nearest to God, when he was among men.

But I take it that it is something more than this sense of God's immanence that Moses speaks of, or that is spoken of here concerning Moses in the words of my text, "He endured as seeing him who is invisible." We may have more than the evidence of God's presence in the world and in ourselves; we may have the consciousness of his presence. We may have personal touch with this unseen, invisible God. Martin Luther translated this verse in a way that is very helpful. Remember how it reads, "He endured (Moses endured) as seeing him who is invisible." And Luther's translation is, "Moses held on to him whom he saw not as though he saw him." That is the reality of faith. Moses put out his hand and gripped an unknown, an unseen hand, and he held on as though he saw him, and if you asked Moses today and he could tell you, he would say that he had more than the evidence of creation, that he had more than the evidence of the dignity of humanity; he had more than the evidence of the unfolding of history; he had personal grip on a personal God, whom he never had seen, but whom he knew was there, for he touched him by faith. And therefore Moses is put down in this list of the heroes of faith. A God consciousness, a peculiar persuasion of the presence of God, a personal conviction of the nearness of God; ah, a personal appropriation of God in all that he is and may be for you and for me. That is the need of the hour, and that is the conviction of the hour; that is the contribution of the last quarter of the century to our religious faith. Whatever we have given up, we have not given up God, and we come today clinging to the unseen God as though we saw him, persuaded that he is, that he is ours, and that we are his. What will this God consciousness do for a man? Well, let us illustrate it first for a moment. It will sustain him in the doing of a great work. Moses endured, oh, what trouble and difficulty, as he tried to lead that mob of slaves out of their land of bondage into freedom; and more, into manhood, into sovereignty, into self-respect, into citizenship; you can not go back and read that story of Moses in his dealings with the children of Israel unless you come to understand that it took great meekness and patience and faith, faith in God and faith in the future of this people, for him to be patient with them in their murmurings and discontent and disobedience, and he was sustained in all the trials of that great life work of his because he had the consciousness of God. Do you think that Moses could have done that alone and by himself in his own strength of will and ambition? Never. Never. He had to go up there upon the mountain and look into the face of God, and even get a partial glimpse of his glory before he was willing to undertake it; and after he had had that vision, then he came down to lead them in those weary years, and he led them successfully out of bondage, out of slavery, out of all that loathing of self, into a nation that today perdures in history, and he endured all that, holding on to him whom he saw not. You want to give God the credit for the making of that nation out of slaves, because it was God that inspired Moses and sustained him. And so with any great work.

Prince Bismarck is quoted as saying that he would not be chancellor of the German Empire a single day unless he was persuaded it was the will of God that the German Empire should be welded together and made one, and that it needed a man of iron and blood to do it. I think that if Gladstone should tell us of his work, he would say that it was the nearness of God and the persuasion of God's presence and the conviction that God wanted him to serve England, that put him upon the altar of his country and enabled him to do a great work grandly; because he had a grip on God, the consciousness of God.

And then this God consciousness will enable one to endure defeat. Moses illustrates that. I think the saddest picture that we have of any man of greatness is that picture of Moses up there on the mountain looking off to the promised land that he was not permitted to enjoy; on Nebo's lonely mountain—you have heard the poem so frequently; it touches a real note of pathos; after all his self-sacrifice, after all his patience, after all the weary years of leading, after all his legislation, ah, to be defeated at last and disappointed! But what was it that sustained him? Why, it is said by the legend that as he was there on the mount of vision, which was also the mount of disappointment, that God kissed him, and he was no more. Think you that he was not satisfied when God kissed him, and he found himself then and there in the presence of God? I was reading the autobiography of Booker T. Washington, as many of you have been following it in the "Outlook," and one little chapter came to my mind, that chapter about the making of bricks; the difficulty was to get these colored boys to work there in the mud; that finally he persuaded them to try it, and they made 25,000 of the raw brick, and then they tried to make a kiln and burn them, and it was a failure; and then the increasing difficulty of getting them to try again, and they tried it a second time, and a second time in the burning they were spoiled. And then with great effort and at the sacrifice of all the money that he had, and with the help of the instructors, they made another lot of brick, and they built a kiln this time that was right, and just as it was about to be completed in the burning, the roof fell in and the whole experiment was a failure for the third time. Without money, without the willingness of his students, without even the help of his teachers, he bethought him of a silver watch, or a gold watch that some one had given him, and he went down to the neighboring

city and he pawned it, and he came back with the money that he got from this watch, and he started a fourth time, and they succeeded the last attempt and from that time on it has been one of the great features of that work of Tuskegee, to build bricks and to make the building, and wherever these men have gone all over the South they have been brick-makers, and it was one of the finest things that could happen; it brought the white man and the black man together in a contact of business exchange that was worth more than it cost; but just think of the faith it took in the heart of Booker T. Washington to go on after three dismal failures. I am sure that if you read the heart of that man aright, you read that his vision for the colored people in this country is more a vision of God, a vision that God wants to use him for the uplift of his race, than anything else, and if you want to explain Booker T. Washington, you must explain God; for he holds on to him whom he sees not as though he sees him. If you are defeated, nothing will ever turn your defeat to victory like getting into the presence of God and having the consciousness that he is with you and that you are with him, and that you are one with God and he with you. And surely we need this God consciousness in our times of temptation. I do not know how we can ever understand life with its struggles; I cannot see how we can explain sin with its mystery; I cannot make out how we can ever say evil was permitted to be unless it is that in this thread of trial that runs through every life there comes a fibre and a firmness and a fixedness of character that you and I would not have unless we were subjected to this testing.

Over there in Prague—I do not mean in Prague; I mean over at Delft in Holland—you will find the clay fashioned and made into the shape that is beautiful, and then the artist will take it and will paint the picture; it is the picture of a masterpiece, delicate and deft, and then that thing that has cost so much in time, cost so much in art, cost so much in talent, is put into the fire, not to be destroyed, but to come out with fixed colors; I myself have seen the painting that was put on it covered all over with some solution that obliterated the picture for the time, and the fire brought it out in that wonderful blue that makes the Delft ware to be so valuable and so beautiful. Without the fire there would not be that permanence of color, that fixedness of design or beauty of tint; it is the fire that fastens and fixes. And so the fire of temptation, the fire of testing, the fire of trial, believe me, it is for the purpose, not of destruction, but of consuming all the dross and fastening all the beauty and bringing out all the things that will make you to be resplendent in time and in eternity. Only there is the way of danger and the way of temptation when you go alone, and blessed be the man that falleth into divers temptations if God is with him; if he has the consciousness that, as he walks that perilous way, God has him by the hand and is leading him safely. And of course you and I have come to understand that the hour of sorrow is the one great hour in our lives when we must have God, or we are terribly alone. I think no man has gone through the deep waters of affliction; I think no man has been alone with his dead; I think no one has followed a precious body to its last resting-place, without a new sense of the divine nearness and presence; no one of faith has ever been permitted to go that sad and sorrowful way without a new realization of God's nearness and presence. I think almost that it is worth more than it costs to get a new vision of God. I know it sounds heartless to say it, and there is not one of us that would say, I am willing to have this one and that one taken that I may know more of God; but when God in his own infinite wisdom removes from us this one or that one, then there comes with the going of this one a new vision of God that dries our tears and makes us to be glad.

There is said to be one who had a child that he loved very dearly, so dearly that he was fond of caressing this little one and holding her in his arms. And one day a friend came in, and lifting the little child out of the arms of the father, held her, and the father, surprised that the little one made no answer, no complaint, said, "Do you know the gentleman that has you?" She said, "No, but you know him." And there is that comfort which comes to us when the loved one taken from us is taken into the arms of one whom we know and whom we know is love and whom we know is God. We are almost satisfied to let them be lifted up into such loving, infinite, tender, affectionate arms, provided we know these arms to be gentle and to be kind.

And my last application of this thought is to those who are alone, alone. I think we cannot understand the life of Jesus Christ unless we account for him as Peter accounted for him, by saying, "He did all these things, for God was with him." God was with him; and I came across some new words of Scripture—new to me—that I never had heard, it seemed to me, until I had found them. Jesus himself came into the loneliness, you know, and he complains that they are all going to desert him and to leave him alone. And then he goes on to say, "I am not alone, but my Father is with me." If you want to understand that life of Jesus Christ, you must begin with that understanding of it. If you want to know the incarnation, you must understand that when he came to be a man he was not to be separated from God. The incarnation is a union of the divine and the human. If you want to understand all the mystery of that life of mystery, that sympathy for the poor, that help of the sick, that relief of all the distressed, you must understand that it was God with Jesus Christ. If you want to understand the agony of the Cross, if you want to understand the darkness of the crucifixion, if you want to understand the victory of the resurrection, if you want to know why the ascension took place, you can only account for it on the ground that with that man Jesus of Nazareth there was the Father; and when he was alone, when all had left him and fled, and he was alone, he said to himself, "I am not alone; the Father is with me." Ah, my friends, if you would be like Christ, if you would have the courage of Christ, if you would have the sacrifice of Christ, if you would save the world as he saved it, there is only one thing needed, and that is to be possessed of God. Spinoza, the great poet and philosopher, spoke of a man as being God intoxicated, and the Scriptures say, "Be ye filled with the Holy Spirit," over against "Be not filled with wine, but be ye filled with the Holy Spirit." Why shouldn't a man be so possessed of God that he should lose himself in God, and it remains yet to be seen what God can do with a man who will wholly trust Him and yield himself to Him. Let us hold on in our temptations, in our work, in our difficulties, in our trials, in our sorrows, in our loneliness; let us hold on to Him whom we see not as though we saw Him.

Portable church buildings made of corrugated iron are considered just the thing now for places where the population is shifting. A building that will seat 300 people can be put up for $1,500.

Alaska.

REV. A. B. SNIDER.

Alaska is a fit country for the American explorer and tourist. There are tens of thousands of square miles of territory where the white man has never yet been. The prospector, explorer, tourist and hunter have unlimited fields for activity here. The writer has traveled along the Coast of Alaska for nearly a thousand miles, visiting many of the inlets and bays, scattered from the extreme southern portion to the far westward. There is a perfect maze of inlets in southeastern Alaska. Farther north and westward are Yakatat, Prince Williams Sound and Cook's Inlet. These latter are great bodies of water surrounded by vast tracts of land yet undeveloped.

Everywhere the prospector is in evidence with his mine and specimens. He is the pioneer of the mining industry. Has been here from three months to three years, patiently staying by and developing his claims, scattered all along the coast. Many of them will prove to be valuable; more of them worthless. Still, the prospecting is hardly begun. There is room for many more prospectors.

For the explorer, there are bays and inlets, streams and inland lakes, ranges of mountains, hidden vales, fields of ice and glaciers yet to be visited by the first white man.

The tourist can gratify his loftiest ideals of scenery. Alaska is second to no country for grand scenery. This is especially true along the coast. If one place surpasses another, it is Yakatat, at the base of Mts. St. Elias, Logan, Cook, Vancouver and Hubbard; these mountains stand near together, and rise from the water's edge to the enormous heights of seventeen to nineteen thousand feet, while, from their tops curves down and sweeps out into the ocean the greatest glacier in the world, Malaspina. This glacier is more than sixty miles broad. You can trace its flow out into the sea where its lofty blue walls are washed and broken to pieces by the foam of the deep. Never can the writer forget the first vision of that scene. It was a clear day; the sun was shining full on the face of the mountains and glacier; as the eye swept up from the water to the top of the mountains, it was like gazing upon a highway which leads from earth to heaven; a highway paved in crystal snow, as clean as the floor of heaven, fit only for angels to tread upon; its top touched the skies, and it looked as though the Eternal was shedding forth his glory down that causeway in streams of living light. Emotion filled my soul, and found vent only in tears. The day will come when Yakatat will be a paradise for the tourist.

Prince William's Sound affords many places of attraction, Valdez being one of them. Cook's Inlet is a place where the hunter may be in his glory; there are hundreds and thousands of moose and deer, caribou and mountain sheep, besides smaller game. Some of the richest land in the world can be found in Cook's Inlet.

Large tracts of grass (red-top) grow wild and can be cut and cured; it will yield three to five tons per acre. The Russians used to call Cook's Inlet "The Summer Land."

Fish abound in all the waters of Alaska. The cod, halibut, trout and salmon are plentiful. Just now the salmon run is on and they crowd the mountain streams by the millions. In places it ceases to be a pleasure to catch them, for you can scoop them with your hands or shovel them out with a scoop. The fishing industry is one of the leading industries of the country.

All of this is interesting, but to me something else is of greater interest. It is the Master's work. In Alaska there is great opportunity for missionary work. The Congregational people are making use of some of these opportunities. Rev. Hammond Cole has been pastor of the Congregational church in Douglas for the past two years, doing earnest, faithful work. He has resigned and goes, the first of August, to California. One of the best church buildings in Alaska is being finished in Valdez, where Brother Cram is holding the fort and doing good work. Nome is under the direct supervision of Rev. Davies, Alaska's Home Missionary Superintendent, and the Lord's work prospers there. Brother Davies is to make Douglas his headquarters in the near future. The writer's work has been in the interest of the Sunday-school Society, visiting and organizing schools and holding services in "out-of-the-way places." This has made it necessary to travel over extended territory, which has been done mostly by steamer and some by small boat. Have held meetings in mess-houses, residences, shanties, tents, and steamers. Have preached the gospel in mining camps, canneries, towns, Indian villages, etc.—many places where the Master's message had never been proclaimed. One Sunday evening I held a service on the steamship "Bertha," far up on the north Pacific ocean. Some 50 or 60 passengers were aboard. We had been out four days. The Sunday had been spent in card-playing, drinking, and in a rough way generally. The missionary was the only professed Christian aboard, but he felt it his duty to attempt to hold service. The invitation was given; some made excuses, but a larger number came and entered heartily into the singing. While the service was in progress the shuffling of cards could be heard in an adjoining room. But before the meeting was over the interest was very marked, and at its close a number came and thanked the speaker, claiming that they had been helped; one man especially came with tears in his eyes, and shaking hands warmly said, "I thank you for that service, it did me good—I hope to live a better life because of it."

Many incidents of interest would naturally occur in such a work as this. Once in Southeastern Alaska we entered the bunk-house of a mining camp and told the men that there was to be a service down in the mess-house, and invited them to attend. But they said they didn't want to hear preaching—they didn't attend church, didn't believe in Christianity. "All right; if you don't want to hear me speak, I don't want to speak to you." But we visited with them some time, talked, laughed, exchanged jokes and inquired into their welfare, then bade them good evening and started for our camp. To my surprise, they sent a delegation after me, inviting me back. They said "they liked the tall fellow and wanted to hear him speak." We returned and had a very interesting meeting. The men helped in the singing, entered very warmly into the service and listened most attentively to what was said. At the close they lingered, and sang a number of songs. Some eight or ten men were from California, and we conversed about that great and good State which we all loved. Then we sang "America," and talked of home and loved ones. Indeed, we had a real social time, tempered with the spirit of the Master, and most remarkable for the place and company of men. We parted wishing each other well and hoping to meet again.

Doughlas, Alaska, July 15th.

The first woman's hospital in the world was built in New York in 1854.

Of the cities having over 100,000 population only thirteen had a postoffice in 1800.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

The Offering up of Isaac. (Gen. xxii: 1–14.)

Lesson VIII. August 25, 1901.

It seems to be God's way, when people are in danger of idolizing some great man, to allow him to commit some folly, so emphasizing his human weakness, and bringing them to a saner judgment. So it was that the idol Beecher was lowered from the pedestal of semi-divinity; so Dewey's halo was rudely brushed aside; and so, we interpret the record of Abraham's second failure to maintain his integrity regarding Sarah (ch. xx).

Of the two, we may perhaps conclude that Sarah was the prime mover in this twofold deception. It looks like her work more than his. Morally, she was not nearly his equal; nor had she so entirely cut loose from their ancestral heathenism. Spiritually, Abraham received but little help from her; and this characteristically Oriental subterfuge seems more probably the offspring of her brain than his (xx: 10-13).

* * *

The episode of Hagar and Ishmael brought to view other instances of the same vicious worldly policy (xvi: 3-6; xxi: 9-11, 14). It was a bad movement all the way round. It showed lamentable faithlessness regarding God and his promises—though not nearly as reprehensible as similar manifestations of distrust in our own times. But it also illustrated God's way of making the best of things, minimizing the evil of perverted free will, and securing whatever of good may be possible after the best has been forfeited (xxi: 11-14).

The Supreme Test.

It came probably while Abraham was still sojourning at Beersheba, in the land of the Philistines. "God said unto him, Abraham; and he said, Behold, here I am." How did God speak to him? Was it by audible voice, or was it through the medium of his own moral nature, as thoughts come to us? And if, as to the present writer seems the more probable, it were the latter, then in what sense was the sacrifice of Isaac a command of God? As a direct and positive mandate, or permissive merely, i. e., as a suggestion of Abraham's own mind, made tributary to God's gracious purposes?

* * *

So much as this we may deem certain, that the thought might have occurred spontaneously to any earnestly religious mind of that age. Human sacrifices, specifically the sacrifice of children, were a common feature of worship among all surrounding nations. They had place in Abraham's own ancestral religion; and must have been only too familiar in Canaan. To the prevalence of this practice, indeed, the subsequent history of the Hebrew nation bears frequent witness (Lev. xviii: 21; II Kings iii: 27; xvi: 3; xvii: 31). Even down to the times of the captivity it was a tendency against which God's prophets had continually to protest (Jer. vii: 31; xix: 5; xxxii: 35; Ezek. xvi: 20). To its defence the holiest instincts of humanity were perverted (Ezek. xx: 25, 26; cf. Ex. xxii: 29; xiii: 12; Micah vi: 7).

The suggestion, therefore, however painful, would not seem so unnatural or revolting to Abraham as to ourselves. It might seem to him in the highest degree obligatory, as a supreme test of devotion. Coming to him in this guise, and reinforced by conscience, it, naturally, might be interpreted as the voice of God. Failure to act upon it would in him be infidelity to God. The principle involved would then be identical with that enunciated by the apostle Paul: "To him that thinketh a thing to be sin, to him it is sin."

And thus, however, it came to Abraham, and however repugnant to better instructed minds, if it seemed to him that God was commanding it, then the sacrifice of Isaac did become a test of trustful obedience, to draw back from which would have been an act of aggravated sin. The more severe the suffering, the clearer would be the testimony, and the better the service as a test of character. To us, such a suggestion might savor of insanity. The person holding such views would certainly be dangerous to society, whom public safety would consign to an asylum. Such fanatics do occasionally appear among ourselves, and so they are treated. Nevertheless, for a man thoroughly convinced that this or any other action is God's voice to him, there is no alternative but obedience.

* * *

And so, Abraham's reasoning in this case, whatever might be thought of the real quality of the action, affords us valuable aid in solving many questions of casuistry. Nothing, e.g., is more common than for persons under the enthusiasm of powerful emotion to set up for themselves tests of character, the fascination of which is often proportioned to the natural repugnance, or the suffering, involved. What shall we say to such enthusiasts? This: Be very careful how you manufacture issues; but if anything stands out clearly in your mind as a duty, so that to refuse it would be an act of disloyalty to conscience and to God, then beware how you allow the suffering involved to deter you. And we who stand about, and are knowing to such an impulse on the part of a friend, what is our duty? First, kindly efforts at persuasion; or, if unsuccessful here, the conviction remaining unshaken, then acquiescence in the result, with in the danger point to society. Beyond that, of course, there must be the forcible restraint which public safety demands.

Thus interpreted, Abraham's trial becomes thoroughly intelligible, and, in its outcome, full of instruction and comfort to persons in every outward condition of life.

Features of the Trial.

It opens with a beautiful picture of God and man in their ideal relations—God speaking in confidential tones, calling the man by name; and he, as one responding to his father's voice, obediently answering, "Here I am." There are here no signs of the perturbation common to those who do not habitually walk with God, but the same blissful emotion as comes to all who watch for divine communications, in the consciousness of daily divine guidance.

Often before had Abraham's spirit been uplifted with joy as he listened. But now, the words must have struck his heart with a terrible pang. He had been musing, we may imagine, upon the greatness and goodness of Jehovah, the desire momentarily growing stronger, by some heroic service, to manifest the sincerity and the depth of his devotion. But now, as if an audible voice from heaven uttered the mandate, came the suggestion: "Thy son, Isaac, child of the covenant, thine only son, whom thou lovest, take him to that sacred spot, the land of Moriah, which I will show thee, and there, in a purer worship than that of thy heathen neighbors, offer him as a burnt offering!" With such fearful distinctness did the duty present itself! Every word a dagger's stab! It did not seem to him unnatural and revolting, a sacrifice morally impossible for God to demand, or him to yield; but it was an awful thought, nevertheless, at which his heart seemed to cease its throbbing, and his senses to leave him.

But, if so, that was only for a moment. To him it was God's voice. For years he had habituated himself to strict obedience. So now there could be but one response. With mind quieted by this great thought, he set about compliance. If it were to be done there must be no delay, and so, rising early in the morning, not communicating his purpose to any one—least of all to Sarah, who could not have appreciated its heroism—he perfected his arrangements, and, with Isaac by his side, began his fateful journey.

In the overruling providence of God, it was to be the supreme test of his obedience and nothing should be lacking to its completeness. The trial had been less, and therefore less conclusive, could the sacrifice have been completed at once, and at Beersheba. But not so. For three interminable days he was forced to nurse his terrible secret, with all its agonizing details; while his beloved son, walking by his side in the beauty and vigor and freshness of his opening manhood, talked confidentially, as such sons are wont, or asked questions which could neither be answered nor evaded, but which struck anguish to his heart. And all the while, the father, with breaking heart, must comport himself with cheerfulness, that none might guess the burden he was bearing.

Then, when, far away, he discerned the appointed place, came another aggravation of his trial. What remained of his journey must be traveled with Isaac alone, bearing the wood for the burnt offering, himself both victim and altar. And so this man of faith must go forward. O, how could he do this! The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews tells us; letting us into the lofty musings of those decisive days. Without any historical resurrection, such as becomes the pillar of our faith, this heroic man was going over the promises and hopes which seemed to be mollified, and saying to himself, God is able even to raise up my Isaac from the dead. Upon this as a last support his soul was buoyed up, and so, when his son, all unconsciously, thrust the knife into his heart in the question, "My father, behold, the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering," he was able to command himself, and reply, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb."

I need not dwell longer upon the details—the inevitable explanation to Isaac; and his pious devotion, only less than his father's; the laying of the wood; the binding of the strong young man, submissively yielding, and laying him upon the altar; the last loving farewell; and then the upraised knife.

I only desire to point out how often it is that God's waves and billows go over the heads of those whom he can trust; how those whom we should judge to be at least deserving of suffering, are subjected to extraordinary trials; how every aggravation of their difficulties seems to be pressed upon them, and fidelity surrounded by every conceivable obstacle—family sorrows, business reverses, injustice, unkindness, ingratitude, every source of suffering adding its weight to the crushing burden. Essentially, Abraham's trial is an epitome of the experience of Abrahamic souls in every age of the world. It is to be justified in the same way.

God's Confidence Justified.

"And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, Abraham! Abraham!" This time, as we may believe, there was no mistaking the voice. It descended straight from the Heavenly Father's heart. And this simple-hearted old man, unterrified, answered with a ready obedience as before, "Here am I." But when the restraining order came, and with it the assurance of full divine approval, then, with what exquisite joy he laid down the sacrificial knife, unbound his son, clasped him as one raised from the dead in his arms, turned then to see what God had provided in lieu of Isaac, and gratefully offered it in sacrifice to the redeeming Lord.

One loves to dwell in imagination upon that joyous home-coming, and of the unique tenderness of the relations which henceforth bound Abraham to his beloved son, thus rescued from the grave.

But I have time now only to refer to the new knowledge which Abraham gained, through this experience, of the character of God, and of the principles of his government. Those words, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me"—these words, I say, cleared up for Abraham, and they equally clear up for us all the mystery of the divine government of the world. God never demands a sacrifice of man for the sake of the sacrifice, but only for the sake of the man. What he wanted in the offering-up of Isaac was not his death, but a manifestation of the father's will. And when that was made clear, in the willingness to give up anything, to sacrifice the dearest object, if called for by God, then the object of sacrifice was gained, and the formal action could be dispensed with. * * *

So Abraham advanced another step that day in his knowledge of God. He had impressive testimony to the falsity of the heathen notions as to the merit of sacrifices, as being of worth in themselves to God. Henceforth, his own offerings must have worn a different aspect, and God himself seemed even more adorably benignant. The practice of human sacrifices among the worshippers of Jehovah received a fatal blow, and the foundation was laid for the prophet's declarations, that to obey is better than to sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. God did not command his people concerning such things, except as symbols. What he did insist upon was that men should do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with their God.

And this again was the foundation on which the New Testament was built. For when the redeeming Lord came into the world, it was not because of God's desire for sacrifices and offerings, but rather for one who should come to do his will perfectly. "By the which will," it is declared, "we are sanctified, through the offering of Jesus Christ once for all." And this, again, is the value of all our sacrifice of whatever sort they may be. So far as they have any worth, it is as expressions of obedient wills. Abraham caught some glimpses of this perfected truth on that mount of sacrifice.

And with this he gained another, to wit: that whenever one comes obediently to the mount of the Lord, prepared with simple obedience to do all his will, then, delivering grace is not far away. And so far as, for every tried and tempted man of today, as well as for Abraham and his seed according to the flesh, this motto stands, a truth forever sure, "Jehovah Jireh—the Lord will provide."

Collins, the freethinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God, sir!" "Pray, is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can he be both?" "He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; and so little that He can dwell in my heart." Collins declared that this simple answer from the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which learned doctors had written against him.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Daily Prayer. (Ps. xxxiv: 1–22.)

Lesson VIII. August 25, 1901.

No friend ought to live so consciously near us as God. That should be one of the first and main conditions to be sought in the Christian life. Probably multitudes of people who are the Lord's are not as conscious of God's presence daily as they are of the nearness of some dear friend of earth. One very potent cause of this is the habit of *saying* prayers. It can scarcely be successfully questioned that the practice of teaching children to repeat the Lord's prayer, "Now I Lay Me," and other prayers of our childhood, is largely responsible for this un-biblical and unnatural relation between many disciples and their Lord. Not that this practice should be abandoned, but the method of it should be changed. At the very earliest moment the child ought to be led to talk with God reverently and with confidence.

* * *

Some one has said that communion begets likeness. It is equally true that the habit of saying prayers will result in dissimilarity. That is the trouble, also, with much of our praying in the pulpit and the prayer-meeting. We are so anxious to use proper language and suitable phrases that, unconscious to ourselves, we copy the style and diction of others, and become stilted, artificial and stereotyped in our praying. We are pleased with our efforts, not as we have succeeded in holding real communion with God, that is, expressing to him the sincere and love-filled thoughts of our soul, but according to the smooth utterance, the felicitous expressions and the general air of piety conveyed. All of this ought to be acquired. It is a great mistake to be careless of these qualities. But they are not to be the chief thought, or to be put first in our interviews with God any more than in our heart-to-heart talks with our dearest human companion.

* * *

Communion must include the flowing back into our soul of the thoughts of God while we are conversing with him. What we call prayer may be little more than kneeling or standing before an imaginary outline of some being and speaking to it in set terms, without any kindling of our emotions or arousement of our purpose in return. It may be only a recitation spoken into the air after the fashion which we have observed in others older than we. Probably all prayer begins that way, just as we learn to talk by repeating words that some one has taught us to say. There may be some reflex benefit in such an exercise. It may be spiritual calisthenics; but it is not prayer in its ultimate nature, for prayer is the irrepressible desire of the heart to say something to God; and to say something which will make an impression upon his consciousness, and secure a response which will be felt in all our being, just as the responding words of love and friendship from human hearts warm and cheer and inspire our soul; differently only because God is different.

* * *

It would be well to study, not only this reference, but all the psalms, to see how genuine and heartful these written prayers are. Many of them bear with them the natural outburst of praise of yearning and of appeal. Although prepared, it may be for public use, one cannot read them without being conscious that these prayers are the meeting of two in communion. There is a kindling and an enlargement of thought and a deepening of insight which reveal the response of God even while the psalm is pouring itself forth. What we need is a life which will make these psalms the natural and satisfying path to God over which our own souls will delight to take their way, just as in some moods we are pleased to seek out a shady lane wandering by the brook, or climbing some overlooking hill, glad that kindred hearts, who have lived before us, have prepared for themselves and us a retreat for our weary bodies and a relief for our disturbed minds.

* * *

I suggest the query for this Endeavor meeting, whether, in using this part of the pledge, we have emphasized the idea of "rule." Is it merely our rule to pray every day? Do you make it your rule to talk at stated times with the human friend you love best? Friendship cannot thus be at its rest; it cannot so endure. Learn to talk with God. Every time you are stirred, turn and say something to him about it. Do not wait for holy moods. Speak to him when you are most yourself. If you are stirred in anger, talk to him about it. If you are exultant with hope, tell him. If you are tired of yourself, speak to him. If you are burdened with sorrow, or fear, whisper it all to him. First of all let it be a real conversation between your heart and God. Do not smother your sincerity or your real thought or your actual character by a laborious attempt to use words, phrases, or tones which do not represent yourself. Let better language and choice diction and more eloquent utterance come in their turn; but first, last and everywhere, pour out your soul as it is to this most sympathizing Friend. And all the while keep your spirit alert to hear what he says in talking back to you. In time you will come to know, with sweetness unspeakable, what it is to have Christ living in you.

In an address before the Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland Sunday afternoon, on "Ideal Manhood," the Rev. Dr. E. R Dille spoke concerning Christ as a laborer. He said that Jesus was a thoroughly good and honest carpenter; not a communist, nor a Bellamy socialist. And then he took occasion to say: "And let we whisper in your ear: If a walking delegate had come round to his shop and said, 'We are going to strike and some of our men say they cannot afford to quit work—they would rather work for small wages than for none—and so we are going to make them quit, and we want you to stand in,' what do you honestly think Jesus would have said to that? I think he would have said, 'My brethren, quit work when you please; that is your right; advise your fellow-workmen to strike if you believe they are being oppressed and a strike will make matters better; but you must give to others all the rights you claim for yourselves or your rights are not secure. You must give them the right to work when they please, for whom they please and at what wages they please. A man's labor is his only commodity and it is his right to sell it in whatever market he will. 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' Deny not to others the freedom you hold so dear. In that golden rule lies the solution of all the questions that divide labor and capital today."

"No, gentlemen, I tell you if you want a thing done well, you must always do it yourself."

Voice from the crowd: "How about getting your hair cut?"

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Mrs. S. M. Dodge.
1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley.
2639 Durant avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Branch Secretary.....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....Miss Grace Goodhue.
1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

The annual meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch of the W. B. M. P. will be held at Bethany church, on Bartlett street, San Francisco, Saturday, August 17th, at 3:30 p. m.; evening session at 7:30. There will be a basket supper. An important business meeting will be held at 3:30, to which auxiliaries will please send delegates.

Alice M. Flint, Sec'y.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific will be held in San Francisco, September 4th. Notice of hours of meeting and of the church will be published later. This early notice is given that auxiliaries may have time to secure delegates, for it is earnestly hoped that every auxiliary will send at least one. Several missionaries are expected to be present, and an interesting, profitable meeting is hoped for.

Mrs. A. P. Peck, President.

From the Zulu Mission.

[Extracts from a letter from Mrs. Dorward, of the Zulu Mission, South Africa, dated March 15, 1901.]

Your letter came while Mr. Dorward and I were away on our vacation trip. We were gone but two weeks. Mr. Dorward had to come home for communion service, March 5th, and was to return to Durban, where I was stopping, on Monday or Tuesday. But on Monday a messenger was sent into Durban for me. Mr. Dorward had taken a severe cold and did not feel able to leave home, so I packed up and came home. He was not very ill, I am glad to say, and was soon out of bed. I was sorry, though, to have our vacation end in this way. He began his work in the seminary yesterday. Mr. Kilbon, the one who has charge of this Theological Seminary, was taken ill a few days ago and is very weak and not out of danger yet. We were very glad to have Dr. McCord return home yesterday. He and his family have been up to Esidumbini for a month. He does not consider Mr. Kilbon's condition serious yet. I don't know what our mission would do without Mr. Kilbon. Every one turns to him in an emergency. He is so level-headed and has excellent judgment. We hope he will long be spared to his work in this mission. One of his sons is traveling in behalf of the C. E. Society in South Africa; the other is at present visiting here at his home. I do not know how long he will stay. He is a great comfort to his father and mother. He is at present taking a class in Jubilee Hall.

Speaking of Jubilee brings to mind the sad fact that, unless the American Board can send the whole amount asked for for the year, the school must be closed. I think about half that was put on the estimates as the sum needed for the year was given. It has been a hard pull for some time and Mr. Cowles has done his best to make ends meet. He found at the close of last term that he was in debt; that the whole amount for the year granted by the Board would be needed to cancel the debt and keep the school running for a short term of three months. This word has gone home to the "Rooms" in Boston. School opened last week with over sixty boys, and more money paid in in fees that ever before. As the boys knew nothing about the closing of the school, does it not seem as if the hand of the Lord was in it? He knew how discouraged his servants were and he has sent such a nice set of boys, more than usual. Of course, the small sum the boys have now paid—$6.00 for the term—does not pay for their board even; but such a large proportion are half-pay boys this term, it is a great help. Hitherto, half or more have worked for their board; but what with poor land and the locusts, but little has accrued from their labor. I wish I could have known this before I sent my last to Miss Lyman of Riverside. She asked for something for their meeting in April. Things did not look very bright just at that time.

Yes, the Ireland Home is closed, and has been for six months. There is strong hope that it will be re-opened in July or August, but not in the old place, I fear. There seems to be a strong feeling against it. I, as one of the committee of three appointed by the mission to consider the question and bring in recommendations at the annual meeting in June, would vote for the re-opening here at Adams, in the old place, providing there was strong encouragement to hope that a new building would go up soon on the hills not far away. But I am afraid the tide against us is too strong. Such a school is much needed at Esidumbini. This place is far more beautiful, they say—good land and plenty of it, etc. It is all right, but my heart cries out for "our girls" here.

Inanda Seminary had two hundred to start with. There has been a death there and some of the girls have gone away, through fear. I hear that there is another girl sick with the same trouble—enteric fever. Both Miss Phelps and Miss Price are away (you may see Miss Phelps; I hope so), and Mrs. Edwards is not as strong as she once was. I pray that they may be spared more trial in this direction. Miss Ireland is there and so I hear once in a while from there.

Mrs. Pixley has passed away since I wrote last. Mr. Pixley and his daughter Mary are still in the old home at Inanda. Mrs Pixley has been feeble for many years. She was a dear old lady—a great reader—and when stronger did her share of missionary work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransom and son, Mrs. Calhoun, Miss Stillson and Miss Phelps left Natal about the second week in Februuary for the home land. * * *

Miss Mellen was put in charge of six or eight schools on the south coast, which Mr. Ransom's going left without a superintendent. They have to be visited once or twice a term. As they are miles apart, it took a good deal of riding to go the rounds. As assistant secretary she has a great deal of writing to do, and the mission voted at its last meeting that she take up her residence for the present here at Adams or at Ifafa, according to her own discretion. As her sister lives here, I presume she will spend the most of her time here.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, our new missionaries, are at Esidumbini, and are working in splendidly. Dr. McCord is greatly hampered in his work by not being able to practice. According to the law of the land no physician can practice in Natal without a medical certificate obtained from England. This means that unless they can make an exception in his case as a medical missionary (working amongst blacks only), he must leave his family, return to England, study a while and get his diploma, before he can be recognized as a physician. It seems very hard, especially when we know that to ignorant heathen doctors a license is granted by the government.

Church News.

Northern California.

First, Oakland.—Dr. L. R. Scudder of India spoke on "Foreign Missions" with great power and interest. He and Mrs. Scudder start on their return to India this week. In view of the exigencies of the American Board, the church made an additional offering last Sunday of $523, to be added to the contribution already made.

Etna.—We have just enjoyed a social of rather unique interest. A number of the girls and boys thought there should be a social, but that it was too much to call on the older ones for the work every time, so they arranged the program and did everything themselves. The result was one of the most enjoyable socials of the year—refreshments on the parsonage lawn and $18 cleared for Sunday-school expenses. We recommend this plan to the boys and girls elsewhere. The pastor and wife received a hearty welcome from the people on their return to the work here.

Southern California.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—Two members were received on confession, Sunday, August 4th. The weekly service for Spanish-speaking people on Thursday evening is well attended and full of interest. In July, 2,954 baths were given at the Bethlehem public baths. The pastor, Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, goes to the mountains for vacation three weeks in August, during which time the other church workers will supply the pulpit.

Eagle Rock and La Canada.—Pastor Anderson, after a short service of about six months, is constrained for the health of his wife to accept a call to Jerome, Arizona. The church at Eagle Rock has been favored with an increase of membership during his stay with them. The Sunday-school had a larger attendance during the month of July than ever before since its organization. The church at La Canada, which doubted at first whether it were able to make any pledges for his support, now, at the end of six months, makes him a present of $20 in excess of the sum expected of it.

Claremont.—Prof. Wm. Irving Andrews, who has been for four years in charge of the musical department of Doane College, Nebraska, is to take the directorship of the musical department of Pomona College at the opening of the coming college year in September. It is said that, under his instruction, attendance on that department at Doane College increased rapidly, requiring repeated additions to the teaching force. His preparation for the work has been made under the best instructors, such as Mr. W. S. B. Matthews of Chicago and Mr. Leopold Godowsky. During the present summer he is taking lessons in voice of Mr. Thomas Sauvage of New York, who stands at the head of his profession. He is commended highly for his ability to instruct in the literature, theory and practice of music.

Los Angeles.—When Dr. Pond, early last spring, visited Los Angeles in behalf of Chinese mission work, he was urged to begin work among the Japanese also. After careful inquiry, he decided to set apart $30 per month for three months to test the question whether the response from the Japanese would be such as to encourage the further prosecution of the mission. Miss Alice E. Harwood, for several years a missionary in Japan, was placed in charge of the work. The three months ended July 1st. The work has prospered beyond the brightest hopes of those interested in it. Forty-seven pupils have been enrolled. The average attendance has been twenty-three. A comfortable mission home has been rented. Necessary furniture is being gathered and it is placed beyond question that the work must continue.

Notes and Personals.

Work was commenced at Petaluma last week on the parsonage.

Rev. F. S. Forbes of Santa Barbara attended the summer school at the State University.

Rev. Walter Frear of the American Board was at Kenwood and Glen Ellen last Sunday.

Rev. L. M. Walters of Fresno is spending his vacation in San Francisco and vicinity.

A new organ for the church at Wyandotte is announced in the Oroville Mercury.

Rev. S. C. Patterson of Petaluma occupies Mayflower pulpit at Pacific Grove next Sunday.

Rev. W. C. Merrill and family of Oroville are spending the month of August at Paradise.

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman is to be invited to hold union evangelistic services in San Francisco.

Rev. F. W. Reid, sending his two dollars for The Pacific for the curent year, writes: "A good investment!"

Professor W. H. McDougal and family of Belmont School returned last week from a month's vacation near Guerneville.

The Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist churches of Palo Alto have been holding union services for several Sundays.

The Rev. W. N. Burr of Corona is taking the month of August for a vacation, and is spending it in Los Angeles and vicinity.

The Rev. Dr. L. H. Frary of Pomona came to San Francisco last week for a part of his vacation of one month.

Rev. Joseph Spence of Green Bay, Wisconsin, will speak at the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting next Monday.

Prof. George Mooar is in the East for a few weeks. He is announced to preach for two Sundays in the pulpit of Rev. W. C. Merrill at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mary F. Denton of the American Board mission in Japan will speak in Pilgrim Congregational church, Oakland, next Sunday morning.

The Rev. Henry Kingman, pastor at Claremont, was in San Francisco a day or two this week, and went from here for a sojourn of a week or ten days in the mountains.

Our "Three Oaks" contributor goes this week with Oakland friends on a vacation trip to Hadlock, Washington, the great saw mill town on the shores of Port Townsend bay.

Mrs. Sarah B. C. Greeley, mother of Rev. F. N. Greeley of Berkeley, has been quite ill at the home of her son for several weeks. Mrs. Greeley is eighty-two years old, and a long and useful life is slowly ebbing away.

Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Williams of Saratoga spent Sunday at Pacific Grove. Rev. C. M. Sherman of Sacramento

gave inspiration to a large congregation at Mayflower church Sunday morning on "Good News from a Far Country."

Rev. W. M. Massie, who has been engaged in missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands for several years, and who resigned recently, will start soon on a trip to Scotland. He hopes to visit New Zealand and Australia, and India and the Holy Land, traveling for a year or so.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the Church Building Society was at Sebastopol over Sunday. Mr. Wikoff will go north about the last of this month, and will remain to attend the State Association meetings in Washington and Oregon. The Washington meeting is to be at North Yakima, the Oregon at The Dalles.

Rev. William C. Merrill of the First Congregational church of Lynn, Mass., is spending his vacation in California. He is supplying the Second Presbyterian church of San Jose during the vacation of the pastor, the four Sundays of August. He expects to return East at the close of his engagement.

The following named missionaries of the American Board are booked to sail from this port for their fields of labor: Miss M. F. Denton for Kobe, Japan, September 4th; Rev. C. A. Nelson and family, Miss Nellie M. Cheney and Miss R. L. E. Myers for Canton, China, September 12th; Rev. J. L. Atkinson and wife, for Kobe, Japan, October 15th; Rev. C. A. Stanley, D.D., and wife, Miss Jane E. Chapin and Miss Mary E. Andrews for Tientsin and Peking, North China, October 23d.

The California Bible Society has issued its fifty-second annual report. More than half a million Bibles have been distributed by the society during the last fifty years. For the year ending March 31, 1901, it is said: "Two colporteurs rendered 205 days of service, visited 4,915 families and business places, found 133 families without a Bible and supplied 127, found other individuals without the Bible 267 and supplied 213, miles traveled, 2,380. Soldiers, sailors and other individuals supplied by Christian workers and church committees 3,697 and 894 volumes were given to as many families found without the Scriptures." It is estimated that eight per cent of the families in California are yet unsupplied with Bibles.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

This week we give you a few ministerial personals.

Superintendents Clapp of Oregon and Scudder of Washington had a conference recently at Kalama. The latter has gone with his own family and that of his missionary brother to Lake Wenatchee, in Chelan county, to spend a month. It is understood that they are expecting to do special missionary work among the mountain lions, cougars, cinnamon and black bear, who have made a long-time settlement in that vicinity, so far as conditions will permit. Great luxuries are promised the writer if he will come over and co-operate in the proposed federated service.

Pastor Nichols of the Edgewater church, with his family, is spending his vacation in the same vicinity.

Rev. W. H. G. Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle, has been spending this week at Lake Cushman in the Olympics.

Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith of Pilgrim church has spent a few days at Victoria, and Pastor Wiswell of the University is in camp at Equimault, B. C., with his good wife.

Pastors Woods of Taylor church, and Burnett of Greenlake church, have been kept very busy during the absence of so many others.

Rev. S. M. Freeland of this city, so often serving our churches in the absences of their pastors, is supplying the First church of Tacoma during the vacation of Pastor E. T. Ford, the latter being expected to return at the close of the present month.

Rev. W. E. Young is said to be doing excellent work at Kalama, where his services are largely appreciated.

Our correspondent at Cathlamet writes concerning the very satisfactory service, both in and out of the pulpit, of Rev. W. A. Arnold, their pastor.

Rev. J. L. Hershner of Hood River, Or., has declined a recently tendered call to the church at Nome, Alaska.

Rev. D. W. Cram of Valdez, Alaska, has been spending a few weeks in the interior, somewhat as a vacation, and otherwise for missionary exploration.

Rev. A. B. Snider, serving for the summer as Sunday-school missionary for Southeastern Alaska, begins on the 11th to supply the church at Douglas for the remainder of the month of August.

The changes in the little church building at White Salmon, Washington, amounting to its practical rebuilding, are about completed and services will be resumed on the 11th, conducted for that day by Supt. Greene of the C. S. S. & P. S. It is expected that the dedication will occur at some time in September.

The Independent Congregational church at Grangeville, Idaho, is planning to call an ecclesiastical council for its recognition for the 22d and 23d instant, provided enough of the churches which it is desired to invite can be found able to attend. It is to be hoped that such a council can be secured.

Seattle, August 10th.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Editor Pacific: Permit me to express surprise at reading in your issue of July 25th the article quoted from the Boston Transcript, entitled "May be Only a Clearing House." This effusion is crowded with errors of fact and misleading statements. Among other things it states that the Congregational Home Missionary Society "has long considered itself a National Society," plainly implying, if the language means anything, that it is not so in fact but only in its own estimation; whereas, it is known to every intelligent Congregationalist that for seventy-five years it has been the only National Society for 'Home Missions,' always so recognized by the churches and endorsed as such repeatedly by the National Council. The article furthermore states that in the growth of the auxiliaries the National Society has been left "little save the small Pacific fields for its territory"; whereas every intelligent Congregationalist knows that outside of the auxiliary states its field includes New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Southern California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska and Cuba. In these fields it commissions nearly 900 men and is responsible for the support of twice as many churches and stations. The article further affirms that the National Society has fallen into debt "with very slim chance of getting out"; on the contrary, at the recent Diamond Jubilee in Boston, one-half the debt of $162,000, an inheritance from the panic of '92-'93, was reported as already raised; since that date most of the remaining half has been provided for, and within a month probably not a dollar of debt will be rest-

ing upon the treasury. This article furthermore insinuates, in the most objectionable form, that there is a heated contention between the National Society and its auxiliaries and informs the public that "just now the State people are emphatically on top." The application of prize ring slang to the present situation is grotesquely absurd and does peculiar injustice to the auxiliaries, who would be the first to disclaim the spirit imputed to them. A missionary problem has arisen in the progress of the work that is not easy of solution. It has been referred to an able and special committee appointed at Boston, of which Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., is chairman. Every one is confident that this committee will solve the problem wisely and for the highest interests of our home missionary work. Meanwhile, the utmost good feeling prevails between the National Society and its auxiliaries and all are waiting with serene confidence the report of the committee and the final and happy solution of the issue. The author of this article is either very ignorant of the situation or malicious in his interpretation of it; and after many years' experience of the fairness and friendliness of The Pacific, I cannot but believe that it found its way by some inadvertence into your columns.

Very truly yours, *Jos. B. Clark*, Secretary.

New York, July 31st.

Maxims for the Married.

1. Since you are married, you may as well make the best of it.

2. So make some maxims, and try to live up to them.

3. And don't be discouraged if you fail. You will fail, but perhaps you won't always fail.

4. Never both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn.

5. Never cease to be lovers. If you cease, some one else may begin.

6. You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it.

7. Keep yourself at your best. It is a compliment to your partner.

8. Keep your ideal high. You may miss it, but it is better to miss a high one than to hit a low one.

9. A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best.

10. Permanent mutual respect is necessary for a permanent mutual love.

11. The tight cord is the easiest to snap.

12. If you take liberties, be prepared to give them.

13. There is only one thing worse than quarrels in public. That is caresses.

14. Money is not essential to happiness, but happy people usually have enough.

15. So save some.

16. The easiest way of saving is to do without things,

17. If you can't, then you had better do without a wife.

Too bad that Bombay should have the reputation of being the unhealthiest great city in the world, with a death rate of 69.0 per thousand, Mexico being a distant second with 49.99 per thousand. The municipalities of America are badly administered by all accounts, but it it speaks well for the administration nevertheless that the death rate of its chief cities is lower than that of leading European cities. The official figures are Liverpool, 26.4; Vienna, 20.6; Paris, 20.2; London, 19.8; Edinburgh, 19.6; Berlin, 18.7; New York, 18.4; Cincinnati, 14.8; Chicago, 14.6. The three American cities are the lowest on the list.

The Battle is the Lord's.

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

Did they finish the fight that day
When the Liberty Bell was rung?
Did they silence the noise of war
When Liberty's triumph was sung,
Was Freedom made Sovereign indeed,
When the Old Bell pealed to the world
That the reign of Oppression was done,
And the banner of Freedom unfurled?
A battle has waged since the world was new,
A battle is on! God calleth for you!

Sweet flowers are blooming today
Where life-seeking bullets once rained,
The sun shines beneficent shafts
On sod that with heart's blood was stained;
And the Liberty Bell hangs high,
At rest with the true and the strong,—
Did they finish the fight that day
When it rang out its rapturous song?
The battle has waged since the world was new,
The battle is fierce! God calleth for you!

There is woe in our broad, brave land,
Though we shout for victories won;
Wide trenches are heaped with our dead,
Though our banners flash in the sun;
For the fight came not to a close
When the Bell flung its news afar,
O'er all our huzzas and acclaim
Still echo the horrors of war.
This battle has waged since the world was new,
This battle is God's! God calleth for you!

Wherever the adder of drink
Stings body and soul to the death,
Wherever the fumes of the cup
Mix woe with man's God-given breath—
There charges the foe, and there fall
Our dearest, our best, and our brave;
Finished not was the fight that day,
For America harbors the slave;
The slave of the death-dealing still,
The slave of the drunkard's wild woe;
America's danger today
Emboldens America's foe.
Then strike! For the battle is God's!
Strike deep as you cherish your own!
In the name of our God smite the foe,
Till Liberty taketh her throne!

—*The Pacific Ensign.*

An Everyday Poet.

I ain't very much of a poet,
I can't soar so awfully high;
I'm kind of low-geared, an' I know it
An' have to keep out of the sky.
An' so, while my star gazin' brother
Kin tickle the gods with his pen,
I josh along, somehow er other,
An jes' keep a-writin fer men.

I know 'at he's blissfully dwellin'
With gods an emperian springs
While I'm down here simply a-tellin'
Of plain human bein's an' things.
Yit, while he's up yender inditin'
His loftier songs, I have found
I do what I call my best writin'
With both of my feet on the ground.

I never tackled a sonnet;
I couldn't write one if I tried,
An' put all the folderols on it
Without gettin' somepin inside,
Fer I understand if you fix it
To sell to a big magazine
You've got to so fuzzle an' mix it
'At no one kin tell what you mean.

My mind ain't forever a-strayin'
Through sorrowful caverns of fog;
I've got a good place an' I'm stayin'
Right there like a bump on a log.
I know I'm too cheerful to "strike it";
I ain't got no "study" ner "den";
I live with my folks, an' I like it,
An' jes keep a-writing fer men.

—Nixon Waterman.

"Is Man an Evolution from Lower Animals?"

The different kingdoms of nature can never be harmonized or united by materialistic evolutionists. The mineral kingdom is one thing, the vegetable another, and the animal still another. The mineral is not organized, but the vegitable and animal are organized, and have their beginning in something that has organization. Everything that has life possesses organization. The mineral has no life, consequently it cannot impart life. The mineral feeds the plant, and the plant the animal. The digestive system of the plant is found in its leaves; the digestive system of the animal is found in its stomach. The principal element in the plant is carbon; the principal element in the animal is nitrogen. The plant has its origin in a seed; the animal has its origin in an egg. The plant is destitute of feeling and locomotion; the animal has both. The plant has life, but no ability to learn; the animal has both. There is a greater difference between man and animals than there is between animals and plants. Man is an intelligent being, capable of progress; the animal is not. Man is in possession of language, and is a worshiping being; the animal is not. Man looks beyond nature up to nature's God; the animal sees nothing beyond this world, and a very small part of that. Man believes in a life beyond the grave; the animal does not. Man is all the time seeking knowledge; the animal has no desire to learn. Man has an upright position and a chin; the animal has neither. Man is held responsible for his acts; the animal is not. If the horse, the most intelligent of the animal kingdom, kills his owner, he is not hanged for it. Man has been a pupil in the great school of Nature from the beginning, but has developed no new organs. He has the same number of faculties that he had in the beginning—no more, no less; yet we are asked to believe that he has been developed from some lower order of animals. No animal has been discovered in a transition state, and the lost link has not been found. No animal has been discovered that knows any more than its ancestors knew, and no signs of progress have anywhere been found in the animal kingdom. We must have more light before we can surrender the biblical theory that man is a special creation, and accept the theory of the materialistic evolutionist. We must not be "read out of court" if we wait for some animal or some part of an animal to be presented for our inspection that is in a transition state. If that theory is correct, some animal ought to be found somewhere that is below man but above the beasts.

I recently read of a man who believes that the missing link was the old serpent that tempted Mother Eve in the Garden of Eden. For this creature was classed with the beasts of the field, but was more intellectual than any of them. He was not the equal of man, for man was given dominion over the beasts of the field, and, consequently over this animal called the serpent. Now, to show this animal to be the connecting link between man and the highest order of monkey, he affirms that this "beast of the field," or "lost link," must have originally gone upright, as a part of the curse consisted in crawling on his belly. He says it must have had intellect and language above all other beasts, for how, otherwise, can we account for the conversation it had with Eve? He says it must, in some sense, have been a moral agent; if not, why was his conduct regarded as such a crime, and such a penalty as going prone and eating dirt visited upon it? The visitation of the penalty, he says, shows that he was under law, although there is no express statement to that effect. This, he says, shows the lost link, both Mosaically and scientifically. A cause is hard pressed for support when it will resort to such sophistry to defend it. No animal can impart that which it does not possess. By a comparison of the fundamental elements in man and animals you will readily see the difference between the two. This will show how near to man an animal is. If animals possessed all the human elements they would no longer be animals, but men. Man possesses all the elements of the animal, but the animal does not possess all the elements of man. The soul of man is possessed of forty-two faculties, and no animal has ever been discovered that possesses more than thirty-two, and the best of these are very weak in animals, while in the average man they are strong. It is probable that some animals have a small degree of the faculty of Benevolence, but the faculties of Veneration, Spirituality, Hope, and Consciousness, no animal has. If man is an evolution from lower animals, and not a special creation, how did he receive these higher faculties which have characterized him from the beginning and which have not, at any time, characterized any of the lower animals? There is not even the germ of these higher faculties in the highest animal known to man, therefore they were not inherited from animals, for no animal can impart what it does not have. As a potato belongs to the vegetable kingdom, and a horse belongs to the animal kingdom, so man belongs to the kingdom of God. Who can believe that the human mind has gradually developed from the mind of the lower skulled animals, when man possesses faculties that none of the lower animals possess? It is easily seen that when a man does not use his religious faculties he lives essentially an animal life. He has the germs of a higher life within him which no animal has, but he has paralyzed them because he made no more use of them than if they had never been planted in the constitution. It is with these higher faculties that man worships God, forms abstract ideas of sin, goodness, truth and honor, and it is impossible that they could have been inherited from lower animals. The wonderful creations of the human intellect are seen every day, and new discoveries are made almost every hour, and the world is advancing, and the mind is capable of yet greater triumphs. Surely, it is not unreasonable to suppose that powers which have made such wonderful discoveries owe their origin, not to lower animals, but to an Infinite Intelligence. As we employ our minds in contemplating the astronomical discoveries of men of learning and genius, we believe, without a doubt, "that God made man in his own image." While there is a great difference, yet there is some similarity between the body of man and animals, yet there is a wider gulf between man and animals intellectually, and a still wider gulf between them religiously. Man is capable of understanding the character of God, and of entering into his plans; but no brute that has ever been discovered has a religious nature, or is capable of conceiving of the character of God. All men are not religious, but they are capable of being religious. There can be no doubt but that man was created by the Almighty. He is an unbalanced god upon the earth, and has not been redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without spot or blemish.—Rev. E.B. Randall, D.D., in C. C. Advocate.

Two good rules for life are: Never be discouraged; never be a discourager.

Mamma—Come, boys, you mustn't quarrel that way on Sunday.

Willie—But, ma, this is a religious discussion we're having.

Our Boys and Girls.

Her Papa.

My papa's all dressed up today,
He never looked so fine,
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, O so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why!
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why!

—Mary N. Bradford.

Comet Becomes a Star.

It was a miserable day. Grandpa, coming in that morning, had said it was a "raw" day. The wind was cutting, and pelted the raindrops into people's faces spitefully.

Little Reid and Gretchen knew that, of course, they would ride Comet to school that day, as they always did on rainy days.

Comet was a beautiful young horse—chestnut sorrel, with a white face and a long, heavy, light-colored mane and tail. It was her long tail that gave her the name. She had just gone by the name of "Coltie" until old Mr. Richards said of her one day: "Humph! She's just like a comet, mostly tail." And Comet she was called.

Now, Comet came of good family. Her mother had been an animal of more than ordinary worth. Her name was changed after she was up in years to Old Reliability; and the reason for this change was plain. But Old Reliability's grave was over in the meadow now. Reid and Gretchen seldom passed along the road without speaking of it and looking over toward it.

Thus it will be seen that Comet had some responsibility in the matter of keeping up a family reputation; and she did it well.

She knew the value of her load when the children were perched on her back, as well as mamma or papa or Grandpa Gray; and she stepped along carefully, yet always carrying her head proudly.

On this cold morning the children, all wrapped up, mounted the old saddle on Comet's back—Reid in front. "Girls don't know how to drive," he said. And timid Gretchen was only too glad to ride behind, and clasp her twin brother close about the waist.

So papa opened the gate and they passed out. He left the gate open, knowing that Comet would gallop home again by herself, as was her habit; and they started off as usual.

Now, the wind blowing Comet's beautiful tail, always full of waves and crinkles, seemed to put a thought into the head of mischief-making, burly red calf; for he started off after them with a wicked bellow, and galloped along behind Comet for some distance. Then he stopped abruptly, while the children laughed loudly at his foolish antics.

When they had reached the schoolhouse stile, Comet, who had been easily trained, rubbed her shining sides against the steps as close as she could, and the children climbed off. Then Reid fastened the bridle over the saddle pommel, gave the chestnut neck a few loving pats, and said: "Now, Comet, go home and get in out of this cold wind; and come after us in time, when papa starts you off this afternoon."

"Just look at her pretty tail, Reid," said Gretchen. "The wind blows like it would blow it off. What if it should get caught in the barbed-wire fence?" she continued as she saw the beautiful tail blown by the wind.

"Oh, leave her alone, and she'll go home, carrying her tail behind her, like Little Bo-peep's sheep," said Reid, with a boy's tone of superiority.

And to be sure, Comet had no other intention than that of making good Reid's prediction. But the ugly red calf, with only a little red-and-white wisp of a tail, and a rough coat, had intentions of another sort; and thereby hangs a—"tail!"

Before the chestnut mare had covered the half-mile that lay between the Gray homestead and the schoolhouse it began to snow heavily—a wet snow that pelted tiny cubes down right angrily.

The red calf meekly turned into a fence-corner, as his habit was, to stand the storm as best he might. But when Comet came galloping along, with head stretched forward as if racing with the storm, and seized with the same jealousy that he had experienced before; and, forgetful of the cold, he turned and followed the animal, uttering a series of ugly, low bellows.

Now, the door leading into Comet's warm stable had blown shut, all unknown to papa or Grandfather Gray. So when she reached the barn she could only stick her head in over the low door, and whinny for some one to come to her relief; but nobody came. And Comet just reached her nose in as far as she could and stood there.

When school had closed in the afternoon, and the pupils ventured out to start for their homes through the snowstorm, they found an odd-looking creature waiting at the stile. It was a chestnut sorrel animal, with drooping head and a mere stump of a tail. It looked like a mule; but Reid, after gaping in wonder for a moment, exclaimed, "It's Comet!"

"Where's her tail?" was asked in chorus by a dozen children. Then Howard Wright, son of a stockman, said it had probably been chewed off by a calf; he had heard of such things.

Gretchen cried as if her heart would break. Then Mr. Smiley, the teacher, came out to learn the trouble. He was sorry, too; for good, intelligent Comet had scores of friends; and her trick of going alone, decked out with saddle and bridle, for the children of bad evenings, could not fail to please the teacher. "Don't cry, dear," he said to Gretchen. "She has been a good Comet, but now she is a star," and he patted the shining neck fondly. "A star is much more useful and desirable than a comet, which is a mere straggler in the sky. But everybody loves a steadfast, brilliant star. And now," he continued, as he sat Gretchen in her place behind Reid, "her name henceforth must be Star; and we will all treat her right royally and make her forget her trouble while a new tail is growing out."

Reid said, soberly: "I am glad she can't see herself as others see her now."

"Yes," said Mr. Smiley, laughing; "it is a fine thing for us all that we can't see our short-comings." And he emphasized the word in such a manner that the children laughed, and broke the crowd up gayly.

The Home.

At the Door.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! the toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous knocking and—
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,
I, like a truant child shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate.

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the door I plead,
"'T is I, O Father, only I?"

—Eugene Field.

"Meet Husband with a Smile."

"I do wish some one would write a few rules for men," said the young married woman, recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully'; that the house must be like a new pin; I must be prettily gowned; the dinner must be daintily cooked and served, and that he mustn't be troubled with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me.

"These precepts are all right, theoretically, and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration; but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for the men to follow?"

"Why isn't there some one to tell them to 'look cheerful' when they come in, and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason; to be a little sympathetic and affectionate, and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house?"

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent in practising expedients to keep her husband's love from growing cold, while he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers.

"This may not be the masculine idea of the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return, but it is not the writer's fault if they don't. I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he's a very good husband and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas in his head, and spoil him.

"Now, poor, unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he tries to help me straighten them out; but who knows how he would change, if he ever discovers that he is really made of china, and has to be handled with care to keep from being broken?"—Baltimore News.

Dollars and Sense.

To know how to use dollars to advantage, to save without penuriousness, to spend without wasting, is a great accomplishment. The majority of people can, in their productive years, save something out of their earnings; what to do with this margin is an all-important question that less often is answered wisely.

It may be spent in extras and luxuries, as one goes along, or it may be invested to secure necessities in the coming years, either for one's self or one's family; these are the two paths open. It does not seem that a man need spend much time in consideration as to which is the wiser course. Every dictate of reason and common sense would urge him to seek a moderate comfort throughout life, rather than to choose a feast in youth with the prospect of a famine in old age.

How best, then, to husband the yearly savings is only second in importance to the question how to obtain such savings. Prudence lifts its warning voice against risks in speculation. There are other methods of investment which are far better. The minds of the young should be trained in habits of saving. Abundant opportunities are offered by the splendid development of the savings' bank system in connection with the Dominion Government, or in connection with the banks, or in connection with various philanthropic institutions, that now see the value of impressing thrift on the young lives.

If the aim of life were merely to get money, then saving would be unnecessary; but if the aim of life is to get manhood, and through manhood to get comfort and service out of money, then the shop, the school, the home and the church must unite to teach the young how to save and how to use money. Mr. Schwab has ventured to say that college education is of no use in the industrial world, but Mr. J. P. Morgan gives one million dollars to Harvard, and Mr. Carnegie gives ten million dollars to the universities of Scotland, thus evincing their faith in college education. Money-making is not everything; manhood is more.

A Century's Growth.

First religious newspaper, 1814.

No pins were made until 1811—$1 a paper.

No labor organizations were formed until 1805.

First woman's suffrage law in Wyoming in 1870.

In 1800, 903 postoffices; in 1900, 75,000 postoffices.

Business offices have grown from two to thirty stories.

The first woman's club, Sorosis, was organized in 1868.

From 200 newsppapers in 1800 to 21,000 in 1900.

Total number of immigrants during the century, 18,500,000.

Number of immigrants in 1800, 5,000; number in 1899, 311,715.

This century began with 900,000 slaves, it closes without any.

When this century began witchcraft was a very prevalent belief.

Labor has advanced from two shillings a day to two shillings an hour.

Fifty-two years ago was held the first woman's rights convention in history.

Total number of Indians who have survived until the new century, 250,000.

Number of telephones in 1860, none; number in 1899, 1,124,846.

Estimated national wealth at beginning of twentieth century, $100,000,000,000.

A century ago farmers reaped their grain with sickles, two acres being a good day's work.—Christian Advocate.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my weakness—what I can do and what I can not do. So I desire to be led, to follow him, and I am quite sure that he will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life advancing his cause, than I could in any other way; I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so he has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect to my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, enmity, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents; and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity; all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer! Grant me the wondrous joy of humiliation, which is seeing thee as all in all.—Norman Macleod's Diary.

SAVING ONE'S SELF BY SERVICE

A man was traveling over an Alpine pass. He went over the glaciers, sinking in the snow step by step, upward, until he was aweary. High on the summit of the pass a desire to sleep overcame him. He could hardly put one foot before another. Just as he was almost sinking down into the sleep which would have proved the sleep of death to him, he struck his foot against an obstacle which proved to be the body of a traveler who had preceded him. He bent down and found that the heart had not ceased to beat, and began at once to rub the frozen limbs and to do his best to reanimate the body. In his effort he was successful. He saved the man's life; and in the effort he banished his own desire to sleep, and so saved his own life in saving another.—Herald and Presbyter.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"First. The Sunday-school is really a school, and it must do good, honest school work. It must afford positive instructions to its pupils.

"Second. It must be made interesting to all, in view of its voluntary character, differing entirely from a secular school at this point. Many of our scholars come from homes where little care is manifested, whether they attend the Sunday-school or not. Hence the importance of interesting them continually.

"Third. The Sunday-school is a Church school, and therefore a religious school, and its highest function is to develop Christian character. Then it must be sincerely devotional, and by its very spirit and services aid its members in attaining a vital Christian experience."

A father possessed of considerable wealth long mourned over a reckless son, whose evil living brought shame upon himself and his family. From home the prodigal went into another country, and for years was lost to his relatives. A chance occurring, the sorrowing parent sent by a friend this message, should he meet his boy: "Your father loves you still." The friend long sought this son in vain. At last he saw him late one night about to enter a house of vice, and gave him his father's message. The dissolute gambler's heart was touched. The thought that his father still loved him, and wished to forgive him, broke the spell of Satan. He gave up his sin and went home to his father. Oh, the power of such a message of love from him who gave his life to save us! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.

A man may be drawn out of a pit by a chain made up by several links, some of gold, some of silver, some of brass or iron. So the Lord has used heathen kings like Cyrus, and heathen women like Rahab, and heathen nations like Assyria and Chaldea and Egypt, to help his people. In India a heathen governor is supporting a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Miss Clara Swain, and a similar thing is true in Japan."

Christ not only sends us forth, but he goes forth in his disciples; he is received when they are received; he is rejected when they are the One that sent him is rejected. the One that snt him is rejected. The appeal has been carried to the highest court. The Judge of all the earth confirms the message carried by the humblest page, and gives it power and efficacy.—F. E. Clark.

SECRET OF BEAUTY.

Sacrifice is the secret of beauty, culture and character. Selfishness eats sweetness from the singer's voice as rust eats the edge of a sword. St. Cecilia refused to lend the Divine touch to lips steeped in pleasure. He who sings for love of gold finds his voice becoming metallic. In art, also, Hitchcock has said: "When the brush grows voluptuous it falls like an angel from heaven." Fra Angelico refuses an invitation to the Pitti Palace, choosing rather his crust and pallet in the cell of the monastery. The artist gave his mornings to the poor, his evenings to his canvas. But when the painter had worn his life away in kindly deeds, men found that the light divine had been transferred to the painter's canvas.—Newell.

THE LITTLE PARSON.

Katie was a minister's little six-year-old daughter, and although happy and lively as most children of her age, her favorite amusement was "playing church."

Her audince consisted of her little brother Morton, two years younger than herself, while she officiated in the double capacity of preacher and choir. One day while thus engaged, her father was much amused at hearing the little parson offer the following petition:

"O Lord, bless the wicked people"; here there was a pause, as though she doubted the propriety of the request; then she added, "but don't bless 'em very much."—Selected.

Certain habits of thought cannot be otherwise than gradually removed. So with certain habits of body consequent on such habits of thought, such as the habit of hurry, the habit of worry, the habit of laying undue stress on things not the most needful for the hour, the habit of trouble-borrowing, and many others which permeate and influence every act of life. Their combined effect is exhaustion, and exhaustion is the real mother of most of the ills flesh is heir to. * * * Therefore, keep your mind as much as you can on the thought of strength, vigor, health, activity.—Prentice Mulford.

There are a lot of people in this old world who cast their bread upon the waters expecting it to return well spread with butter and jam.

"I hope others will do as I did."

"I suffered for six years with ovarian trouble," writes Mrs. E. Waite, of Chicago, Ills. (Lake View Postoffice.") "Sometimes I could hardly walk, and when I had to cough it felt as though a knife was cutting me. My hands and feet were cold all the time. I had such a tired feeling and such a poor appetite, and when I went to bed I slept only about two hours at a time. I got a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' and by the time I had used two bottles I felt so much better that I continued until I had taken eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and now I am so well that my friends remark how well I am looking. I go to bed now and sleep till morning. My appetite is splendid and that tired feeling has left me. I hope others will do as I did—give Dr. Pierce's medicines a fair trial."

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ALL KINDS OF OBJECTIONS.

The church meets with many objections. If the objections were all formed by sincere people, their objections might be a serious obstacle to the church's usefulness and progress. But an unregenerate or a rebellious or an insincere heart is the source of the trouble in each instance. They originate in hearts that are "at enmity with God." It has been well said: "The common objections to Christianity are all insincere—the direct result of an evil heart. Some object to the church because it has in it many of the lower classes; others, because the rich are there. Some object because Christianity is so simple and easy; others because it is so difficult and mysterious. Some remain out of the church because they can not give to it as they would like; others stay away because it will cost them something. Some do not come to Christ because they think they are not good enough; others do not come because they think they are good enough without. Some claim they haven't time to give to religious matters; others claim there is time enough yet. Some will contribute to the church, but will not unite with it; others will unite with it, but will not contribute to it.

But when was there ever a time when the church so commended herself to man's best judgment as now? She is now entering her palm period. She heads the procession of all modern achievements. History has spread her time-honored leaves before her in honor of her superiority and in corroboration of many of her most important facts. Archaeology has brought her ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, and laid them at the feet of this triumphant cause in recognition of its still greater antiquity. Geology has discovered nothing which either antedates or supersedes the opening sentence of the church's sacred record, "In the beginning God created," etc. And so invention, government, education, art, society, and all the marked elements of our civilization fall in regular order into this kingly train, doing homage to the King of the Jews."—*Lutheran.*

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It is the just mercy of our God to measure us by our wills, not by our abilities; to recompense us graciously, according to the truth of our desire and endeavors; and to account that performed by us, which he only letteth us from performing.—Bishop Hall.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Collyer.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed. —Clarendon.

The less a man is talked about the less he is abused.

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